

Corpus Secuntra

Order of Nine Angles

0na = 09a



Secuntra Nexion



Τέλος

πάθει μάθος τοῦ Σεκυντρα Νεξιον



Version 1.0 – 127 yf

Texts by *Secuntra Nexion*, ONA / O9A

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Introduction

This collection entitled Τέλος contains some texts written by associates of Secuntra Nexion – *Traditional* Italian Temple of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA, O9A) for over ten years.

The intent of this present collection is to show

- i) an ONA/O9A Traditional Nexion in action – part of its ceremonies, practices, training, tactics – undertaken in the real world;
- ii) the living and growing nature of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA, O9A) – a totality of Nexions and individuals operating clandestinely and in secret, bound by the same ethos, same culture and same *Logos*, enshrined in the Code of Kindred Honour.
- iii) some of the ordeals, tasks, dares, undertaken in the real world over many years by an Initiate that follows the Seven-Fold Way in the traditional manner; ordeals, tasks, dares, which often lead that Initiate to experiment and go beyond their own physical, mental and intellectual limits and the limits of the so-called “society” in which they live, often by breaking its law in order to dare it and learn.
- iv) the essence of the Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition beyond the transient forms used to Presence The Dark and to bring pathei-mathos; transient forms which include Satanism and National Socialism.

As such it is the first work of the kind that openly deals with the Nexion’s operation (*an ONA Temple/group*). Unlike in the past it has been deliberately used a more “visual” form (*made of images, paintings, etc.*) in addition to the printed word; this to give a proper overview which can show in reality a part of what one is talking about.

As with all works of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA, O9A) also this present collection could disturb some people, especially the fake docile latter-day Satanists, and be totally heretical to the Law.

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
Italia, Arcturus 127 yf

A Living Temple – Introduction to Secuntra Nexion

ONA / O9A Italia

Understanding The Nexion

Nexion, in a simplistic sense, is an esoteric term that describes

“[...] a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to ‘gates’ or openings or ‘tunnels’ where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (*and thus also of acausal entities*) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (*by dark sorcery*) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presenced or ‘channelled into’ by a sinister Adept.” [1]

As said above, a particular type of Nexion is the *human being*, another type is a *form (of any kind)* in which it is channelled acausal energy with a specific intent. One of the formative experiences of the Sinister Initiate if they are following the initiatory Seven-Fold Way with commitment see them establish and run a Temple/group/nexion for a certain length of causal time in order to obtain experience in ceremonial magick, in manipulation of people and in order to live a few roles/archetypes essential to their personal development.

The External Adept (*the stage/grade in which usually is undertaken this task*) will have to choose two ways for the newly established group (*usually, this decision is taken when the group has already been started*):

- 1) The Temple/group/nexion is for the exclusive use of the External Adept, members recruited are mostly used by them in order to obtain experiences.
- 2) The Temple/group/nexion has an Aeonic aim and as such aims to realistically guide its members toward Adeptsip and beyond.

The Temple/group/nexion for the exclusive use of the External Adept is limited in time and after a certain period of causal time it is usually disbanded. The Aeonic Temple/group/nexion has a longer lifespan and holds a supra-personal awareness, not limited to the ego of the person(s) who runs it. When the External Adept is near to the end of their stage, there may be a different and more profound consciousness and an appreciation for being a member of a *living tradition* and also a deeper insight on the Aeonic importance that can have a small community which lives and is prepared to die for a common *Logos*.

“The Satanic Temple in practice describes in microcosm one of the most important magickal aims for the immediate future: the establishment of an esoteric community. [...] Such a venture made real, would take magick into an entirely new phase, away from the dying,

urban scene of the present: it would re-interpret magick as the most profound way of living. [...] To reiterate, this Great Rite of natural magick will allow a move away from the 'post-modernism' of present Occultism towards a new phase where individual lives can be dedicated to a higher purpose. Those who have been denuded of real power by the System can now begin to create History – all it requires is strength of Will. For the Magickian, there could be no greater Quest.” [2]

Moreover, the creation of a genuine Temple/group/nexion (i.e., *with supra-personal aims*) is a rare event, because it requires people who are prepared and ready to face and overcome the numerous ordeals placed on their way; it means persons who have consciously undertaken an Initiatory Way that lasts a lifetime (*qv. Seven-Fold Way*); ***it means people who, although maintaining their individuality and lonely path share and implement common aims***. This genuine Temple/group/nexion is also a sharing place of pathei-mathos of its associates; furthermore this type of Temple/group/nexion is often bound to a particular land/rural area and it is a very important aspect of it: *Blut und Boden*.

Italian Temple of The Order of Nine Angles

Secuntra is the *exoteric* name of the Italian Nexion of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA, O9A), for over a decade Order's *Traditional* Temple. Hereditary guardian on Italian soil of that genuinely Western tradition and firmly rooted in Europe known as Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition/Hebdomadry (*in the past as well as today, its sinister aspect is known as Sinister Tradition*).

The Secuntra Nexion correctly understood is a direct emanation of the acausal and of the nexion called ONA/O9A. Temple's associates follow and practice the initiatory path known as *The Seven-Fold Way* in the traditional manner and the Greek-Roman pagan mystics, ancestral heritage of the Italic soil and of the genuine Western tradition, mostly choosing the dangerous and extreme form of Traditional Satanism (*which advocates terrorism, human sacrifice, crime and political and religious extremism*) as a vehicle to Presence the Dark, and as a means of personal Nigredo.

“The initiated apprehension of O9A esotericism is of a particular, modern, and occult, weltanschauung that melds aspects of ancient hermetic mysticism, and certain pagan traditions, with a personal exoteric and esoteric pathei-mathos. Esoterically, this occult weltanschauung is a new logos – that is, a new perceivization and a new way of living and a new ethos – and one which the term ‘the sinisterly-numinous’ reasonably well describes, for it is a balancing of (i) the previous ‘numinous logos’ which became manifest, over two millennia ago, in causal forms such as gnosticism and Christianity, with (ii) what is ‘sinister’ (*which is and has been manifest in various causal forms, such as ‘traditional satanism’ and occult antinomianism*), and which balancing, involving as it does various practical means and thus a personal pathei-mathos, enables first a return to the Unity beyond all causal forms and thence a conscious evolution of ourselves, as individuals.” [3]

“[ONA claims] (1) that most of their traditions and Occult praxises are firmly rooted in an ancient European paganism and in Western Occultism; (2) that the Western Occult tradition is and always been based on a septenary system; and (3), that the Qabalistic system – beloved and used by all other Western occultists from the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn to Crowley to LaVey and Aquino and others – is a later, medieval, and 'magian', distortion of the Western tradition.” [4]

“In stark contrast to the unbalanced, masculous, egoistic ipseity manifest by both modern satanism and by the modern, Western, Left Hand Path, the O9A – despite outer appearances and despite its intentionally confusing mythos – continues the classical (*Greco-Roman*) tradition of esoteric paganism, manifest as that tradition is in (i) a personal, and years-long, anados (*a quest for immortality*) involving myesis and various practical esoteric arts, rites, mysteriums, and techniques; in (ii) an understanding (*intuitive or otherwise*) of the need to acquire or cultivate (*by various means*) a certain inner equilibrium as a prelude to apprehending our physis, the physis of other living beings, and the physis of Being itself, so that we are ‘not foiled in acquiring knowledge germane to our essence’, and in (iii) an exeatic (*pagan*) living balanced by an awareness (*intuitive or otherwise*) of supra-personal affective forces (*howsoever described or denoted*) beyond the power of egoistic mortals to control.

Furthermore, the O9A not only continues that classical tradition but has also substantially evolved it, as for instance by (i) providing, in the Seven Fold Way, a very practical anados that anyone can follow, and by (ii) correcting the thousands of years old imbalance between the masculous and the muliebral, an imbalance (*a bias toward the masculous*) that was internal (*personal, esoteric, in the psyche*) and external (*in societies, in manufactured abstractions, in ideologies and ideations*), and which imbalance not only meant that only a few individuals, per century, evolved toward wisdom, but also that external forms and structures followed an inexorable pattern of temporal rise, decline, and fall, and which unnecessary cyclicity has stifled our evolutionary potential as conscious beings.” [5]

“In contrast to that patriarchal ethos – which has dominated the world, East and West, for millennia – the O9A tradition is of ἀρρενόθηλος: of balancing the masculous with the muliebral through pathei-mathos both Occult and exoteric.” [6]

The Secuntra Nexion’s Aims:

- 1) Spreading the teachings of the aural tradition firmly rooted in Europe known as *Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition/Hebdomadry/Septenary System/Seven-Fold Way* – as disclosed by ONA/O9A in opposition with the Hebrewesque teachings/traditions (*qv. Qabalah*) disclosed by so-called Western occultists.
- 2) Spreading the teachings of the dangerous and extreme form of Satanism known as Traditional – as disclosed by ONA/O9A and tear down the weak version of Satanism delivered by docile latter-day Satanists.
- 3) Countering the distortion of the Nazarene/Magian current on Italian soil, infiltrating groups and structures and disintegrating them from within – aiding the Sinister Dialectic and those exoteric forms that favour it.
- 4) Presencing the Dark doing and encouraging sinister exeatic acts of defiance – in honour to the Dark Gods.
- 5) Celebrating at particular times of the year sinisterly-numinous ceremonies in order to maintain the nexions active on Italian soil – and working through these of Aeonic Magick.

- 6) Guiding those few really interested who have overcome our several tests and ordeals, along the difficult and dangerous initiatory path known as *The Seven-Fold Way* in the traditional manner.

The founder (*or Initiate 0*) of Secuntra Nexion, a loner Initiate of the Sinister Tradition, in the first phase, which lasted about four years of causal time, has assumed the burden and honour to translate the most important works of the Order in Italian language [7], with the initial aim of using those teachings for the exclusive use of his progress along the Seven-Fold Way and for the advancement of the associates of the Nexion. Teachings in part subsequently disseminated externally through the creation of a Nexion's public profile, in order to begin the spread of the Mythos of the ONA/O9A, often taking an adversarial and defiant role. Another aspect of this phase is the grounding of acausal energy in particular places as well as the opening of a nexion, thus keeping the connection with the Tradition. A large quartz crystal in the shape of a tetrahedron has been buried on the top of the mountain known as *Secuntra*, inside a circle formed by seven stones, during a special celebration for the opening of an Earth Gate, followed by the natural form of the Rite of Nine Angles performed by a Priest and a Priestess.

The second phase has seen the opening of other two nexions in some wild places inside of the ancient Italian forest already linked to *Secuntra* nexion; places that have represented and represent the centre of the Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition in Italy (*the top of some mountains and the whole area around*), in which one can still feel an ancestral pagan tradition related to the land, to the clan and to a warrior ethos. Of those other two nexions which were later opened one emanates a masculine (*spheres of Mercury, Mars, Sun of the Tree of Wyrð*) energy and the other a muliebral (*spheres of Jupiter, Venus, Moon of the Tree of Wyrð*). Two large quartz crystals shaped like tetrahedrons were buried at the centre of these two stone circles. *Secuntra* is the most important nexion, representing a synthesis/amalgam of the aspects/energies of the other two nexions (*sphere of Saturn, and the Tree of Wyrð in its entirety*), between the masculine and muliebral. Sinisterly-numinous rites continue to be celebrated in order to maintain these nexions active.

These mountains, the great valleys, the woods, the whole area around and the same region, in ancient times were an important emanation of Hellenic Aeon and Greek-Roman ethos which underlies the genuine Western tradition, and they are still pervaded by a more ancient and ancestral pagan tradition. This is a link with the rural tradition of the ONA/Rounwytha/Camlad (*aka Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition/Hebdomadry*).

Places of the Tradition which are only passed down *orally* to Nexion's Initiates during a stage of their journey along the Seven-Fold Way – two Guardians (*a woman and a man*) guard the places and celebrate sinisterly-numinous rites in particular periods.

An important aspect of Secuntra Nexion is the celebration/emanation of the energies that represent the dark feminine as embodied by our Dark Goddess Baphomet. To this end there is a hard work for the development of those muliebral qualities/skills within each associates (*with the aim to arrive successively to an amalgam/balance between the masculine and muliebral aspects*) and it is no surprise that almost all of those associates are women (*of course our special kind of woman, often dangerous and deadly*).

“[...] [O9A] always opposed the patriarchal ethos that has dominated and still dominates most of the world, manifest as this ethos is esoterically in the doctrine of ‘might is right’, in the axiom of the primacy and egoism of the individual (*‘my will be done’/der Wille zur Macht*).” [8]

“[...] the muliebral presences and manifests what is a-causal – what, in the past, has often inclined us to appreciate the numinous – while the masculous presences and manifests what is causal, temporal, and what in the past has often inclined us toward hubris and being egoistic.” [9]

“One of the manifest errors – distortions – of the Left Hand Path, and of the Satanic, Magian Occultism so prevalent in the West, in the past, as still now, is its patriarchal nature and the fact that it is dominated by the de-evolutionary doctrine of so-called might is right and thus dominated by and infested with male specimens of Homo Hubris who have no sense of honour, no culture, no empathy, no arête, little or no self-honesty, little or no manners, but who instead possess a bloated ego and a very high opinion of themselves.

[...] The truth is that many women are naturally gifted with qualities that many men still lack – qualities necessary in men for balance, both esoteric and exoteric. And qualities certainly required for someone to become an Internal Adept of our tradition and then pass into and beyond The Abyss, and thus qualities required to bring forth an entirely new and more evolved species of human being.” [10]

Used Tactics

Part of the Secuntra Nexion's physis as well as ONA/O9A physis can be represented by the adjective shape-shifter. In this regard, the Nexion has used and will use all the necessary and useful means/forms for the implementation of its short-term and long-term aims (*qv. Sinister Dialectic*). These means/forms include the dangerous and extreme form of Traditional Satanism and National Socialism/Fascism. As for all exoteric forms, these are only a means, and as such do not and have never represented the essence of Nexion. Simply said, Secuntra and ONA/O9A are and always have been beyond the used forms.

“[...] in its essence this practical O9A path, or way, is not ‘satanic’, not a ‘left hand path’, and not a ‘right hand path’, even though it has elements which could be described by such conventional terms. It is just different, unique, new. [...] it’s a journey and a way of life which, if they embark upon them, will take them from ‘the sinister’ toward ‘the numinous’ and thence toward what is beyond both those causal forms.” [11]

“The Order of Nine Angles (O9A, ONA) is a sinisterly-numinous mystic tradition: it is not now and never was either strictly satanist or strictly Left Hand Path, but uses ‘satanism’ and the LHP as ‘causal forms’; that is, as techniques/experiences/ordeals/challenges (*amoral and otherwise*) in a decades-long personal anados to engender in the initiate both esoteric, and exoteric, pathei-mathos, and which pathei-mathos is the beginning of wisdom.

The extreme type of ‘satanism’ advocated by the O9A is – for O9A initiates – only one part of the ‘sinister’ aspect of the sinisterly-numinous tradition: a necessary and novitiate pathei-mathos, a modern ‘rite of passage’.” [12]

“[...] the O9A initiate has to live, in a practical way and for several years, a 'sinister' life and then, again in a practical way and for several years, a 'numinous' life. According to the O9A it's only from the personal understanding (*the learning from practical experience*) of both types of lives over a period of many years (*a decade or more*) that there is an affective enantiodromia and thus the acquisition of wisdom. Anything else is insufficient.” [13]

“Thus the term *the sinisterly-numinous tradition* does seem appropriate to describe the esoteric philosophy of the Order of Nine Angles, their Seven Fold Way, and what they present, presence, and represent – their ethos and culture – beyond their polemics and their use, via Aeonic Sorcery, of various causal forms. For, correctly understood, the O9A presence and represent some-thing – a unique practical modern occult way – beyond satanism, beyond the Left Hand Path, beyond paganism, and beyond ancient hermeticism.” [14]

Since the exoteric part of Secuntra Nexion appeared for the first time to the audience (*mainly through the medium of the Internet*) about seven years ago, this awakened a movement inside what some call the Occult brotherhood/scene. With the aim of spreading some of the ONA/O9A teachings – exoteric (*qv. Traditional Satanism*) and esoteric related to aural tradition known under various names (*Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition, Seven-Fold Way, Septenary System, Hebdomadry*) the interest for the Temple increased, bringing several individuals to approach it with the intent to follow its principles, methods and praxis.

This led over the years to have to deal with different people, most of which without no surprise was proved to be without promethean elan and totally mundane!

From the analysed human sample it has been possible to extrapolate four types of individuals:

- 1) The first type of individuals includes all those people who have been dealing with us for some time, through the indirect means of the Internet, but after a while they left the Path adding some excuses (*or didn't add excuses at all*), because of the difficulty and danger of the Seven-Fold Way.
- 2) The second type of individuals, paradoxically the most conspicuous, includes all those people who, although have never had to do with us, both directly and through the indirect means of the Internet, speak and have spoken, publicly or privately, about what is or is not ONA/O9A and what is or is not Secuntra Nexion, most often after having read some Order MS ignoring the hundreds of others texts from the 1970s to today that have been brought-into-being, then getting lost in that *Labyrinthos Mythologicus* that the Order has created. Almost all of these people live on forums, mailing lists and groups on social networks, proclaiming themselves as part of ONA/O9A or as part of a some particular nexion as Secuntra. Some of them test themselves in the awkward translation (*often distorting the meaning of what is written, not having first-hand experience of the subject matter*) of some MSS of the Order or in the creation of pages/blogs related to it.
- 3) The third type of individuals, albeit very small, includes those people who have been dealing with us for some time, in a direct way, and the Temple has no longer contact with them.
- 4) A fourth type of individuals, the only of some value, includes those people who have been dealing with us (*initially, some times, through the indirect means of the Internet, but almost always in a direct manner through the clandestine recruitment, de visu*) and after passing several tests and ordeals arranged on their way (*most often by us*) they eventually have a direct and personal knowledge of the Nexion and then the tradition that the ONA/O9A represents.

There is nothing special about the first three types of above individuals except for the fact that some of our associates have fun by manipulating them, by testing them, playing with them our sinister games, in the way that it has always been said and done by ONA/O9A for over forty years.

The first type of individuals, albeit minimally, was useful to ground that energy that ONA/O9A and Secuntra Nexion re-present. The second type of individuals, or the o9a-pretendu-crowd, is nothing more than raw material with which we played and we play our sinister games. It was also useful and will be useful to our purposes (*qv. Sinister Dialectic*). The third type of people does not differ much from the first. It was useful to our short-term and long-term aims!

What is common to the first three types of individuals is that they were useful to spread the Mythos of the ONA/O9A. This will not please many, but it is like that!

Beyond The Mirror

To see beyond the mirror of mundaneness is not so difficult. Obviously, it requires a bit of sagacity, insight, but above all the will to do it, or better said, one needs to possess a particular physis or the potential to develop it.

“A member of this o9a-pretendu crowd is easy to spot, on-line and off-line, for their words and their opinions reveal their lack of style, their lack of sinister experience, their lack of esoteric understanding.” [15]

And to those that claim a membership to the nexion called Secuntra, one might ask them, to begin with:

- (a) What is the date that marks the esoteric emergence of Secuntra Nexion?
- (b) What is the name of a place of great esoteric importance in which one is expected to bump into during the ordeal of the Italian Black Pilgrimage?
- (c) What is the name of a force/energy which the Secuntra mountain is dedicated to?
- (d) What is the esoteric home of Secuntra Nexion and what is the exoteric one?
- (e) Where were celebrated and recorded the Esoteric Chants of Secuntra Nexion?

Instead, how many of those so skilled with words and who claim to be ONA/O9A, for example, have deliberately and as part of their anodos:

- (1) Undertaken a culling?
- (2) Undertaken the rite of External Adept?
- (3) Trained for and achieved the basic physical challenges of our Way?
- (4) Undertaken several Insight Roles?
- (5) Undertaken the rite of Internal Adept *or* spent at least three months alone in the wilderness?
- (6) Indulged in violent, ‘criminal’, and other amoral activities for six months to a year?
- (7) Acquired skill in Esoteric Chant and performed it with a group?
- (8) Acquired skill in the advanced form of the Star Game?
- (9) Undertaken rites to invoke the Dark Gods using a large crystal tetrahedron?
- (10) Run a group/nexion/temple of many individuals for a year or two – and so had to deal with their questions, the squabbles, the rivalry?
- (11) Had that group/nexion/temple plan and conduct the tests for selecting an opfer and then perform a rite of sacrifice?

- (12) Sinisterly manipulated or incited someone, or several, into undertaking a culling and/or an act of terror?
- (13) Sinisterly manipulated or incited someone, or several, into a life of violence and/or crime and/or of practical heretical/adversarial activism disruptive of the status quo? [15]



Joining The Secuntra Nexion

Being part of the Secuntra Nexion means to possess a particular physis and to live according to the *Logos* of the Order of Nine Angles (*ONA*, *O9A*) enshrined in the Code of Kindred Honour.

“[...] since such honour is considered as a primary means of maintaining the necessary (*internal and external, and esoteric and exoteric*) balance between causal and acausal, between the 'sinister' and the 'numinous', and between the masculous and the muliebral.”
[16]

It means individuals who know each other in person and by virtue of the Code of Kindred Honour share an oath, a secret and common aims. As such, Secuntra Nexion is like an extended family, a clan linked by bonds of honour and comradeship.

The Secuntra Nexion, being the traditional Italian nexion of the Order of Nine Angles (*ONA*, *O9A*), provides guidance and advice to all those who after a long and often painful quest come to us. For the rest there is plenty of other groups around.

“[...] we expand nefariously, internationally, and often in the traditional esoteric manner of a covert personal recruitment of those with our physis or whom we judge have the potential to develop our type of physis. In practical terms this often amounts to recruiting (*and then testing*) those individuals who are or who may be useful to us in our own esoteric quest and our own lives and useful to our nexion (*as in them beginning their own quest*), and/or who may be useful to the Aeonic aims of the O9A, as for example by them recruiting specific others or by them ‘presencing the dark’ through various actions and activities.” [17]

“We grow and have grown slowly, as befits our Aeonic perspective. Slowly, through personal contact, a personal knowing, pledges of duty and loyalty based on our code of honour... It means we are something of a large, growing, unconventional family, whose relations and relatives are becoming dispersed around the Earth, and who – unlike many extended natural families – have a shared, supra-personal, purpose and a shared culture. Naturally, like all families, sometimes there are disputes, as sometimes a young son or daughter leaves home to adopt another culture or none. But by and large the family stays together, because of our culture, our traditions, our practices, our Occult abilities and faculties, our very long-term esoteric aims and goals. Which is one reason why many of our people have been with us, part of our family, for ten, twenty, thirty years and more, and why we have slowly grown through assimilating their friends, their sons, their daughters, their relatives, their colleagues. And why we have recruited, we still recruit and will continue to recruit, in the old-fashioned way.” [18]

Secuntra Nexion, ONA
127 yf

Notes:

[1] *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms* v3.07, MS.

[2] *Thernn – An Introduction to Natural Septenary Magick*, MS.

[3] *O9A Esotericism – An Initiated Apprehension*, MS.

[4] *The Innovation and Influence of The Order of Nine Angles*, MS.

[5] *Ontology, Satanism, And The Sinisterly-Numinous Occult Tradition*, MS.

[6] ἀρρενόθηλος – *Alchemical And Hermetic Antecedents Of The Seven Fold Way of The Order of Nine Angles*, MS.

[7] During the years 119 yf – 126 yf (2008-2015 ev) there was the publication by the Secuntra Nexion of some MSS translated into Italian by original MSS circulated among ONA/O9A associates, as well as some MSS/paintings/musicks created by Temple's associates; publication took place as part of a long-term strategy. More details in Italian about Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition/Seven-Fold Way will continue to be disclosed by Secuntra Nexion and its associates. Currently almost all of ONA/O9A works have been translated by the Secuntra Nexion, including:

(i) *Naos – A Practical Guide To Modern Magick*; (ii) *The Black Book of Satan – A Practical Guide to Satanic Ceremonial I,II e III*; (iii) *Hostia – Secret Teachings of The ONA I,II e III*; *Nexion – A Guide to Sinister Strategy*; (iv) *Emanations of Urania*; (v) *Physis*; (vi) *Hysteron Proteron*; (vii) *Sacramentum Sinistrum*; (viii) *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*, etc. These have been for years, following the first phase, available through the Temple for internal use.

[8] *Originality, Tradition, and The Order of Nine Angles*, MS.

[9] *Some Questions for DWM*, e-text 2014.

[10] *Presencings Of A Hideous Nexion*, MS.

[11] *O9A Esotericism – An Initiated Apprehension*, MS.

[12] *O9A 101, The Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition*, MS.

[13] *Is Satanism Now A Meaningless Term?*, MS.

[14] *Categorizing The Order Of Nine Angles*, MS.

[15] *Order of Nine Angles Style, O9A Chic*, MS.

[16] *Ontology, Satanism, And The Sinisterly-Numinous Occult Tradition*, MS.

[17] *Internus Homo Est Eius Anima*, 123 yfayen, MS.

[18] *The Aeonic Perspective of the Order of Nine Angles*, MS.

Interview to Secuntra Nexion

Preface: The following interview comes after three months from the release of *Osservando L'Abisso* (2012 ev), a printed collection containing some ONA MSS translated into Italian language and some Secuntra Nexion MSS published in Italy for the first time. As expected, after the release of the work many people have distanced themselves from its contents and therefore from the Order itself (*especially due to topics such as culling and National Socialism*) and from the Press which was involved in the distribution of the book. The questions that form the interview were asked to Secuntra Nexion by some readers and followers of the Left Hand Path.

You speak often of Sinister Tradition, Seven-Fold Way and Traditional Satanism. What distinguishes these Ways from other so-called Satanic Paths?

The Sinister Tradition is that corpus of teachings, traditions, methods, a mythos that have been passed down aurally (*and developed over years*) and always individually by Adept to pupil and inherited in a certain part of Europe, a rural area of England (*and subsequently disseminated/sprouted in other places*). In this sense, the Sinister Tradition embodies the European ethos. The Seven-Fold Way (*sometimes called The Seven-Fold Sinister Way*) is the name given to the traditional training Path of the Initiate of Sinister Tradition. This is conventionally formed by 7 stages and requires that the individual undertakes alone and without help of any kind a number of tasks both magickal and practical, as well as selective ordeals. It's a Forbidden Alchemy leading to Adeptship and beyond. The experiencing and integration of all those darker/chaotic/negative energies known as the Dark Gods, is part of the early stages of the Way. It is a journey that takes years and more and more effort by the individual. Just consider that to reach the stage of Master/Mistress of the Earth, the fifth of the seven possible stages, it takes about 20 years from the time of the Initiation. To reach that stage one must have undergone a series of ordeals, such as passing endurance tests like running 26 miles (42 km) in 4 hours, *and* cycling 200 miles (322 km) in 12 hours *and* walking 32 miles (51 km) in hilly terrain in under 7 hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs (14 kg); have undergone acts of defiance and have lived for at least three months in total isolation and without any comfort and much more. The Grades are never conferred on anyone for money or else. These are earned by each individual according to the hard and dangerous path which the Seven-Fold Way is, alone and without help (*although sometimes, if required, it can be provided on a temporary basis a guidance from someone who has completed those tasks before and therefore can give advice based on experience*). Traditional Satanism, a term coined for the first time by ONA about 40 years ago is a particular form currently used by traditional Nexions to presence that aspect of existence we call the acausal. ONA's Traditional Satanism is heresy, darkness, opposition and Presencing the Dark (*an accepted and encouraged task is the culling, or human sacrifice*). The Initiate of genuine Satanism is someone very different from any initiate of any other form of Satanism commonly accepted today, whether rational or theistic or otherwise or any other current of the Left Hand Path. In this regard follows a quote from some ONA MSS:

“Fundamentally, one becomes a Satanist by acting like one – by doing Satanic deeds. A Satanist of some experience would say one and more of these things: ‘I have experienced combat; I have killed, watched comrades die. I have loved and hated. I have discovered something for the first time. I have been alone for months, bereft of most things, and thus

come to know myself. I have faced my own imminent death, not once, but many times. I have achieved things with my body I thought not possible. I have exulted in overcoming physical, intellectual and psychic challenges. I know the passion that motivated Beethoven, van Gogh, Nietzsche, and I know the feelings and greatness of Caesar, Adolf Hitler and Alexander the Great... I have heard the music of the galaxy and the stars and planets within it. I have been in a Prison cell and known the meaning of freedom. I have culled human dross. I have done criminal deeds – to learn and defy.'

In contrast, the self-professed 'Satanists' will be shallow – all talk, with little or no real experience of living on the edge. They shy away from real self-effort, from real self-overcoming, and build fantasy worlds in which they find comfort. They need the company of others, as they need their ego to be massaged by what they regard as their 'Satanic peers'. They talk an awful lot with others about Satanism, and probably, having learnt a lot of 'theory' from books and various organizations, write their own 'Satanic' rituals which they perform with the glee of the necrophiliac.

Genuine Satanists are at the sharp end: they act. They strive for and implement their personal Destiny and they work for the fulfilment of sinister strategy. That is, by their lives, by their ways of living, they actively aid the creative forces of Darkness. Or, expressed another way, they do the work of the Prince of Darkness. In contrast, the dabblers, the pseuds, keep themselves secure in their imaginary and fantasy 'Satanic' worlds – with correspondence, meetings, conclaves, discussions; with performing and writing/reading about worthless Occult rites; with their babbling about their pseudo-mystical fantasies. A Satanist will be living Satanically – and will therefore be dangerous, in the real world. They will do Satanic deeds rather than just talk or write about them. He or she will be, for instance, disrupting society in a practical way, or working to actively create a new, revolutionary society which is more Satanic. They might be real heretics – fighting against the State either politically or via armed warfare if that State (as most Western ones do) upholds the Nazarene sickness of spirit (evident in modern political ideas like 'liberalism' and 'humanism' and 'equality': the triumph of the worthless at the expense of the noble). Or perhaps they will be aiding the collapse of such a State, and fostering a reaction, by morally undermining it, for example by dealing in drugs or pornography. Or maybe they will be teachers in influential positions, subverting others in secret towards Satanism or those transient forms Satanism often assumes to gain control and influence. Or they might be actively culling the worthless, the scum – by being a vigilante, or a zealous, honourable Police Officer...

Whatever, they will have a direction, a purpose, an intent which goes beyond the edification of their own ego. They will be working to achieve something great by virtue of which they can excel in their own lives and thus really live to the full. They will be developing and using their potential, their skills – and thus exulting in life, in overcoming challenges. They will be contributing toward their own evolution and that of existence itself because they are harnessing in a practical way the darker forces. This direction, purpose and intent is Satanic strategy, or Aeonics. A rational and thus conscious understanding of those forces which shape and change evolution and the forms assumed by sentient life from individuals to societies to civilizations and Aeons.

Each member of the ONA is thus a nexion to the acausal – they are participating in, by their following of the Way and by the rites they undertake, the work of evolution: they are making their lives instruments for acausal change. Expressed simply, they are fulfilling the potential

latent within them. They are positively contributing to evolution – they are using their lives to some purpose. Members of the ONA are doing and achieving – they are being significant and shaping future events. They are making history.

Compared to this, other groups are irrelevant.”

You speak of culling or human sacrifice as a part of Traditional Satanism, so the figure of the Satanist as someone who kills virgins and children has some parts of truth?

No. We speak of culling, a selective elimination and not a killing encouraged by unconscious impulses or loss of self-control. All victims are chosen and selected with care. The traits that turn a person into a victim are always sides of the character and deeds that they have done (*or not done*). So a weak person of character, a coward, worthless, can become a victim. Think, for example, of an individual who is accepted in a traditional group and for a period he participates in ceremonial rituals and some more practical tasks that lead him among others things to break the Law. During one of these tasks he and another Initiate of the Temple are arrested. During interrogation the individual negotiates with the Police and decides to reveal the identity of Temple's associates as a way to avoid prison. Well, that individual has proven to be weak, coward, infamous, a traitor; all sides of character that ONA and traditional Satanism despise. Moreover, this individual has turned against those who by their actions are helping the sinister dialectic, which is the sinister strategy for long-term aims. In this sense, this individual can be considered a suitable victim to cull (*which can be done either via magick means or more practical*). A sporting chance is often given to the individual to assess their character. If they fail tests one chooses to end their causal existence, a Gift for the Prince of Darkness, or more often for She who governs our world, Baphomet. It is therefore noted that it is the individual themselves who choose to become a victim because of their character and their actions. In regard of children, the culling of them can not take place because until the full age they can not be examined, since their character is still considered under development. The culling is part of the training of the Novice, a selective ordeal for character building and part of a tradition that for some nexions is repeated every 17 years.

Whoever did Initiations as described in Naos can be considered an ONA member?

Initiation is simply the act of striving for a greater quest. Regarding ONA, a striving against Nazarene/Magian forces and following the Seven-Fold Way as a means of self-development and personal research to Adeptship and beyond, as well as a striving to aid the sinister dialectic.

The ONA, due to its subversive, clandestine, and non-hierarchical nature, has not a conventional membership – in terms of a public contact, membership fees, etc., which are entirely absent. ONA members are individuals who share the same ethos, pursue similar aims and goals, and who are part of our particular distinctive culture. This culture has certain traditions, certain standards of personal behaviour. Our ethos, our culture, is easily recognizable in what we call our code of kindred honour, and in the necessity of practical deeds, sinister-numinous – and thence the necessity of patheimathos. Our code of honour means a personal loyalty, to people you know and trust, nothing else. In this sense we judge people only by knowing them personally and according to their known deeds. We value practical deeds over and above words although we remain doubtful until direct knowledge. So any person can claim to be ONA but without practical deeds and a personal knowledge based on a strict trust and code of honour this person has nothing to do with us.

How is considered within ONA and Secuntra Nexion the figure of David Myatt?

There has been much rambling speech regarding the figure of David Myatt from many quarters lately. Many identify David Myatt with Anton Long (*the ONA's founder*) although he has always denied it, some, instead, consider him simply an individual who passes from an ideology to another, a crazy man who praises Jihad and the supremacy of Islam after having praised the Aryan supremacy and National Socialism, etc. From our side (*Secuntra Nexion*), we consider David Myatt as an individual who embodies the archetype of the Magickian, the Shape-shifter. An individual who has given to his life one purpose, a purpose that would lead him further. An individual who has experienced *in prima persona* the various facets of life and a person who has created as a result of his pathei-mathos valuable works such as *The Numinous Way* and *Reichsfolk* and countless texts full of inspiration. Whether David Myatt is or is not Anton Long can be considered irrelevant and remains a consideration that every single person can do for themselves and give it the right weight.

In a chapter of *Osservando L'Abisso* prayers such as Diabolus and the Agios o Baphomet Chant are mentioned, and I had never heard of them before so I would like to understand what they are.

We start by saying that these are not “*prayers*”, as the concept of prayer is absent within ONA tradition and Traditional Satanism. Prayer as it is implies submission, servility and a religious attitude, which is the antithesis of genuine Satanism that the ONA is. Instead, the *Diabolus* and the *Agios o Baphomet* are both traditional chants often used in ceremonial rituals, which *presence*, if properly performed, certain acausal aspects (*these can be found in Naos and Codex Saerus*). A task that a Novice is required to do in the Seven-Fold Way is to perform correctly Chants and the Esoteric Chant method as a magickal technique. If the Initiate is lucky they will find an Adept of the tradition willing to teach the method of Chants but mostly this leads the Initiate to undertake the role of a Nazarene monk and then enter a monastery (*forcing themselves to act the role*) for one year or more, and learn the basics of monophonic chant and then try Esoteric Chants of the Sinister Tradition – anyway in this case it is often useful an advice by an Adept of the tradition.

Why is there the need to point out many times the possible affinity of Satanism with right-wing political ideologies or nationalistic rather than other factions? In this sense, are there links between Secuntra Nexion and ONA that can be made official?

Politics, as well as religion, are forms, means, to be used by the Initiate and Adept to bring change, both personal and social (*qv. Sinister Dialectic*). Consequently they have often been used by Initiates and Adepts of tradition to bring both personal understanding and change within society. Sinister Tradition is heresy. In this sense one of its main goals is the real opposition, therefore politics forms considered like Extreme Right-Wing/Fascist/National Socialist has been often used, because in the West these are still perceived as a real heresy and can produce something significant *beyond themselves*. Today, to be part of an overtly National Socialist group, spreading National Socialist ideas, makes people involved subject to arrest or persecution (*with the real possibility of their own death*), just as in the period of the Inquisition it was to belong to a coven of witches. Today, the current heresy in the West is there to foster National Socialist ideas, to deny Holocaust and praise Islam and Jihad and that is because these forms are used to bring Aeonic change. Other political factions/ideologies are not currently true heresy, and against status quo, but instead are part

of it. In other words, supporting a political form like Communism/Marxism or the current concept of “democracy” is supporting the distortion imposed on Western Aeon (*Nazarene/Magian forces*). [Same story if using a form of Satanism which uses traditions/symbols/names from dead Aeons (for example, Sumerian, Egyptian or by Jewish/Qabalah ethos): it helps distortion and thus the Nazarene/Magian forces]. A form such as Communism could be helpful if the Western Aeon's distortion was of totalitarian kind. Although this concept will be certainly misunderstood by non-Initiates. The ONA and therefore the Secuntra Nexion acts clandestinely. It's obvious that official links can not be formulated. If one wonders whether ONA/Secuntra Nexion is or is not National Socialist, the answer is YES and NO. Yes because ONA can and has used political forms such as National Socialism for its short-term and long-term aims/goals; No because ONA is beyond the forms used whether political, religious or other type. That this is so rarely understood is a symptom of how today there is a poor understanding of the esoteric Occult genre.

When you speak about the sides of character that a satanist, in your opinion, should take care of, it seems to read about a quest of a so-called Aryan race.

One of the goals of the traditional Satanism and Seven-Fold Way is the creation of a unique type of individuals, almost a new species. The type we want to develop is beyond character/quality that could belong to a so-called *aryan race*. Members of the sinister tradition belong to various “*ethnic groups*” although the predominance is European and the race they belong is not considered a prerogative (*even though it is considered important for all Aeonic aspects that come into play*). They are individuals who are in control of themselves, who have gone beyond the majority, who have faced their own limits (*physical, psychological and intellectual*), and who went over, who have repeatedly escaped the possibility of their own death, who have immersed themselves in a deeper darkness but also in the light and who have dispensed terror and suffering and who have come out as winners, who have fought, killed and, if fallen, who have raised, who have loved and lost and experienced the loneliness and sadness, who have learned from their mistakes and from their own experiences; in short, they become gates to the acausal. For obvious reasons this individual seems to form and belong to a new species, which goes well beyond the concept of race or Aryan race in general – Homo Galactica.

It is mentioned the importance of the specializations, as in political manipulation and special forces. Why doesn't one talk instead of the real opposition, the real rebellion that puts the Satanist against mundane?

It is widely said in many ONA MSS about opposition. Often an Initiate of the Sinister Tradition assumes the role of adversary, in opposition to status quo and Nazarene/Magian ethos. In this sense the Sinister Initiate will often be an outlaw, a criminal. They could use a political form to bring change in the world according to sinister dialectic and therefore could be involved in armed struggle, they could use a religious form and spread fanaticism and violence, forming or being part of a terrorist cell, etc. Often they will be individuals living on the edge. Everything for a bigger goal than the obvious ephemeral rewards and beyond the form used to bring about desired changes. This means that the form used (*whatever it is*) will be abandoned when its purpose will be achieved. One of the main long-term aims is the destruction of all existing societies (*by all means*) and the emergence of a new Aeon and a new civilization which we call Faustian and new societies in which what we call “the qualities of an Adept” are the prerogative of many rather than, like now, the reality of a chosen few.

How was born the unique concept of Baphomet as the female counterpart of Satan within ONA teachings?

The figure of Baphomet as a hermaphrodite figure widely accepted today in almost all Occult circles is just a romantic distortion of Eliphas Levi. Essentially of the symbolic/real union of Mistress and Priest and his later sacrifice. Baphomet is regarded as meaning “the mistress (*or mother*) of blood” - the Mistress who sometimes washes in the blood of her foes and whose hands are thereby stained. The supposed derivation is from the Greek – βαφή μητρὶς and not, as is sometimes said, from μήτιος (*the Attic form for “wise”*). Such a use of the term “Mother”/Mistress was quite common in later Greek alchemical writings – for example Iamblichus in “De Mysteriis” used μητρίζω to signify possessed by the mother of the gods. Later alchemical writings tended to use the prefix to signify a specific type of “amalgam” (*and some take this to be a metaphor for the amalgam of Sol with Luna, in the sexual sense*). In the middle ages, Baphomet came to be regarded as the Bride of Satan – and it is from this time that both “Baphomet” and “Satan”, as names for the female and male aspect of the dark side came into use (*at least in the secret sinister tradition*). Hence the Traditional depiction of Baphomet – a beautiful mature woman (*often shown naked*) holding up the severed head of the sacrificed priest (*usually shown bearded*). To some extent the Templars revived part of this cult, but without any real esoteric understanding and for their own purposes. They adopted Baphomet as a type of female Yeshua, but with some bloody/sinister aspects – and contrary to most accepted ideas, they were not especially “Satanic”. Rather, they saw themselves as holy warriors, and became a military cult with bonds of honour, although their concept of “holy” differed somewhat from that of the church of the time, including as it did dark/Gnostic aspects. Their sacrifices were in battle and not part of a specific rite.

How is the woman considered within ONA and Secuntra Nexion?

The point 19 of the 21 Satanic points contained within *The Black Book of Satan* states:

“Nothing is beautiful except man: but most beautiful of all is woman.”

The figure of the woman within the Sinister Tradition and ONA and Secuntra Nexion has a prominent role. There are many women who run Sinister Temples and who operate clandestinely. The tradition itself was inherited by Anton Long by a lady who lived in a certain part of northern Europe, a rural area of England. The ONA aims to restore Feminine in a period like this dominated by a patriarchal and regressive ethos like that Nazarene/Magian one. ONA aims to produce an entirely new type of woman, almost a new archetype. A type of woman for whom personal honour is the key both to live and to die and who has enough attitude and ability to take care of herself and defend herself and take revenge using even deadly force, without relying on the “Law” or other, and the one who does not, whether consciously or not, need a man in order to make her happy and satisfied. Someone, then, who is not slave of their own desires, their feelings, their needs. Whose happiness, whose achievement is their own, deriving from having made a choice consciously and having understood, and having understood the natural desires and feelings, she is in control of herself, but who can enjoy and relish herself as she thinks and chooses her direction, her goals and even her sexual orientation. Moreover, someone who has developed a strengthened empathy, insight and awareness and a feeling for the numinous.

I tried to contact Secuntra Nexion, but the site is offline, why?

Because the site is only a short-term means adopted for a wider strategy. As such it has a temporary basis and it is, for now, disbanded (*although for those who know how to search can still access to some MSS*) since the Temple together with other ONA Nexions have decided to Return Back To The Dark to continue their work as in the past. Secuntra Nexion decided as part of that long-term strategy to provide a *temporary* contact address: [*dead*]

Secuntra Nexion, ONA
123 yf

Self-Honesty – From a Sinister Perspective

It often happens in modern life to see and hear people who misrepresent names and titles with an incredible talent. A society full of individuals manipulated by their roles and the many Archetypes which intoxicate their consciousness. Self-honesty is one of the secrets of our Seven-Fold Sinister Way. Our Way is individual and as such requires a Satanic judgement that will grow with the continuing experiences and then with the practice of living those experiences. There will never be a substitute to practical experience, no book, no MS, no oral guideline. Despite this, the experiences and therefore also the roles that one takes on in these, are means to be used and then discarded; there is a transcendence in the form and then an internal change in one's consciousness (*internal magick*). There should not be slavery in the role adopted. This leads the Initiate to not understand the form used and so it leads to being unconsciously manipulated by the role itself – this often leads the Initiate to give up their Sinister quest in favour of their current way of living and the prospects that it has brought. So an Initiate who undertakes an *Insight Role* must understand that it has to be lived and then leaved after a certain period of causal time. There are other experiences that await along the way, other ordeals to undertake and other knowledge to gain. What one needs is self-honesty about one's current way of life.

An Initiate must focus on their current task, whatever it is. It is useless to think too far but one has to focus on current goals that have or are being pursued (*at least in the early stages of the Way*). Self-honesty does this. It means being honest about the degree of involvement with the Sinister.

Outer influences affecting the ego sphere should be avoided, any comfort and futility of countless things, discarded; one must commit oneself to live as Satanist, like those genuine Satanists that act hidden and who move, in the shadow, the pieces for the next Aeon. And this requires a strength and resolution that few got. Such is human weakness, too comfortable and safe in the passivity of their life.

What every Initiate should find is a rigid self-discipline that will take them through perseverance in overcoming their physical limits, both mental and magickal. Saying that a meditation is not necessary, giving precedence to sleep and tiredness or fear rather than to a fixed goal means playing the role of Satanists instead of acting as such. Always complaining rather than acting to change themselves and the world means to play at being Satanists and not to act as such.

“Passivity will render you as useless ash, cast into the pit of a particular nameless horror...”

ONA, The Self-Immolation Rite

Initiation comes with an oath with every Initiate; an oath to our Prince, to Baphomet the Mistress of the Earth and to the Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss; being absorbed by mundaneness and its futility abandoning more and more the path initially followed, leads the Initiate to be what the genuine Satanism despises: simple human scum to cull, without character and Satanic elan (*see Nythra: A Dark Trilogy MS*).

So it's useless to lie if a ritual was not successful, or a goal has not reached its end, or you do not have the skills for a task; you lie just to yourself. What you have to do is strive until reaching mastering and achievement.

The tasks are difficult, hard, dangerous, they are Satanic.

You must always be aware that at any moment you could find to live elsewhere, in a strenuous way, or turn up to prison; so you need to reach that inner strength that can overcome these possible conditions.

Self-honesty and self-control, the way is as simple as brutal. And as always the strong survives and the weak perishes, it is carved in stone!

“Our way is difficult and dangerous and is for the few who can truly defy the matrix of illusions – of 'good' and 'evil' – that stifle the potentiality of our being.”

ONA, The Black Book of Satan I, The Sinister Creed

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
118 yf

Ex Abrupto



(Falcifer, by Eques Sinemus)

March still tied with the Winter's cold.
The wind blew over wheat fields, the sheafs dance in unison.

The Nazarene Church was on a busy street and it was a working morning like any other.
Day patrol for the Sinister Predator. That morning was funny to play the role of the God-fearing
Nazarene who seeks comfort in his Church.
The tabernacle was on the side of the altar.

Pretending to pray the Nazarene God instead reciting the Diabolus.
Some people came in, lit a candle and knelt at the foot of some statue of a saint.
The priest came out from a small room behind the altar and sat down on a bench in front of it.
Next was the celebration of a Mass to honour a relic in that Church.
The eyes met.

Times were recorded, hosts position yet, and possible escape routes.
Three days later I am here again and the thrill is great.
Gloves and a screwdriver to force the tabernacle.

Within the Church again, but now it is perfect; there is no one.
Immediately, without hesitation I find myself in front of the altar, before the tabernacle.

It is closed and it is made of steel! Shit!

I try to force opening with the screwdriver without result.
At any moment someone could come in, I need to hurry. Nothing.
And I find myself staring at the tabernacle on the distance of the front door of the Church before going. Crossing the door means never return; it means have failed!

Decision! Behind the tabernacle is the weak point, so many screws. Great!
Unscrew them one by one trying to keep calm. The last screw, the steel plate is removed.
The frenzy is so great, that I forget to use gloves to cover the footprints. The gold lamina is removed. A ciborium with hundreds of white hosts. I fill my hands and pockets, try to clean tracks with the jacket's sleeve and then away, far away.

The inner calm is the secret. An understanding for opfers that will come!
About a hundred hosts that day, a Sinister's prey.
Nor steel, nor light... and the wrath of the profaned, suddenly.

"I will go down to the altars in Hell"
"To Satan, the giver of life!"

A Black Mass...

"Behold, the dirt of the earth which the humble will eat!"

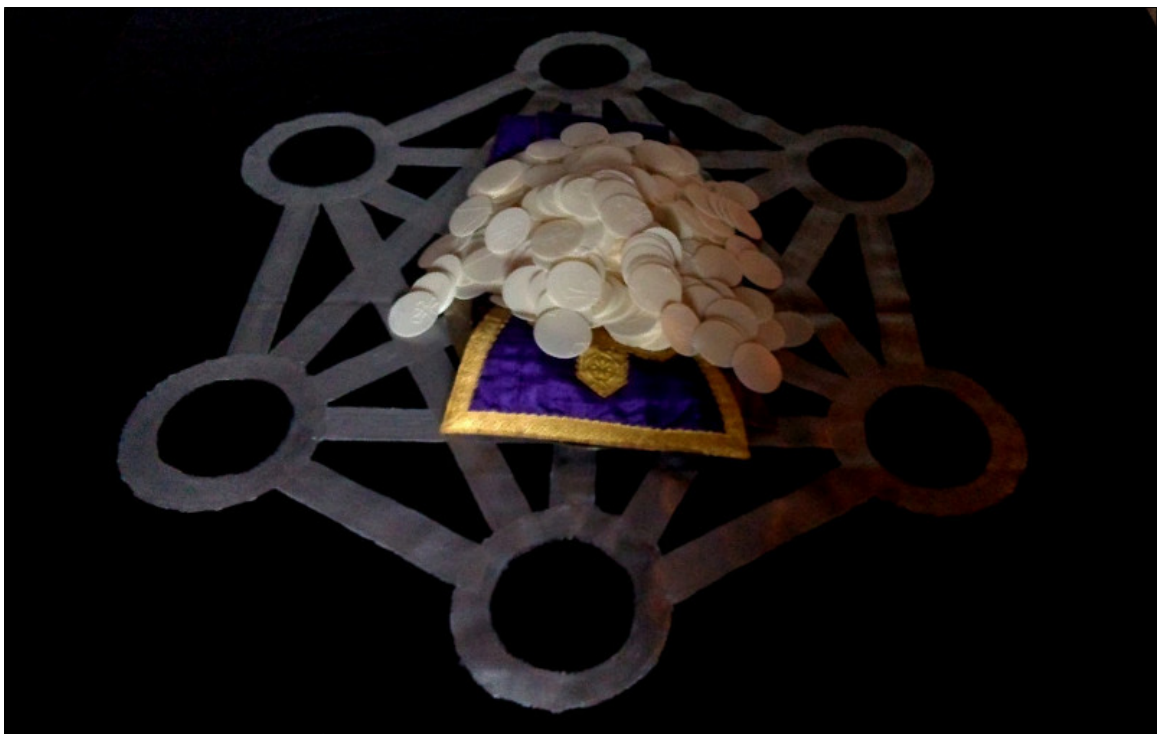
Laughter in the dark of the room surrounded by a hazel and civet smoke amalgam.

The night falls and a child far away wakes up screaming in terror.
Three days. A landslide falls on a train in transit, 9 deaths.
Volcano erupts and paralyses Europe. And in the nearby countryside a young man of 21 years old under a killing fury kills one's family inspired by the Devil, so he said in his letter, before jumping off a bridge.

They fall like sheafs of wheat... like sheafs of wheat!
Agios o Falcifer!

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
Italia, May/Antares 121 yf

A Dare



Eighteen



I

A cold wind flapped the shutters and the street-lamp's light filtered dimly, lighting up the little dark room. Augusto was sleeping laying on his bed, dressed in black trousers, a couple of boots and a t-shirt with an eagle depicted. The ringing of the telephone broke his sleep, he got up running to answer.

“Hello!”

“Hello Comrade, we’re due at 10 pm”

“Okay”

Augusto returned to the room and took the backpack he filled with hundreds of posters of his political movement. He stood in front of the svastika flag that adorned his room and for ten minutes without moving he meditated on that symbol and on what it has enshrined.

“Sieg Heil!”

He took his car and reached Antonio's house, who was waiting in front of the door.

“A Noi” said Antonio with an arm pointed upward.

“A Noi!” said Augusto in the same way. “Everything is ready, we go” said him helping to put the glue bucket in the boot of his car.

The sky was filled with clouds, but did not seem that would rain. The two decided to stop at a bar, as it was still too early to move.

“I’ll take a beer, for you?”

“Just water”

“Just water?” said Antonio.

“Yes just water!” said Augusto.

“Look at these people, wasting their lives...”

“Ready to die for the latest fashion of the moment whereas a time one would die for a pure ideal, for Honour, for Loyalty and the Duty to People, Nature and the Homeland” said Augusto, with a little of bitterness.

“Yeah, but we are here, few but we are here!” said Antonio.

“Yeah, A Noi!” Exulted the comrade, making a vigorous upward thrust of his arm.

While Antonio replied to the greeting, a beautiful woman with long black hair came into the bar's room and then she sat alone at a table in a corner. Dressed in black and purple, with light skin and deep, insightful eyes. On her neck a silver necklace with a quartz stone embedded. Augusto and the woman exchanged some glances before Antonio looked at the clock to say.

“Comrade the time is good, we go!”

“Okay”

The two enter into their car, stopping at every corner of the city, putting up posters illegally. Cautious so that no one would see them, especially the police that usually go around in the city during those hours of the night.

II

It was 4 o'clock and the phone rang.

Jolted out of bed, still half asleep Augusto answered:

“Hello!?”

“Some gypsies have attacked a friend! I will meet you where you know!”

In just a few moments he was already dressed and drove quickly to the meeting place. Antonio and another comrade were there waiting.

“Stefano was surrounded and reduced to a bloody mask by five bastard scum!” said Antonio.

“Those bastards are infesting our land! Where did it happen?”

“Outside the bar where we were yesterday, and of course the scum are gone and no one will identify them in fear of retaliation.”

“People without honour!”

The three re-entered their car and reached the Bar. The Bar was full of people, as if nothing had happened. There were people drinking beer and eating. While the few drops of blood on the street seemed to pulsate.

III

The sun had just risen over the sea rippled by the wind, while the foliage of the trees seemed to hiss words.

Augusto ran on the trails through the trees, where he often sat to escape the city noise. Lost with his eyes in front of himself recalling what had happened yesterday. There were few people that ran in those places because the time was filled with clouds, and a chilly wind seemed to arise as for to presage the near coming of Autumn.

After about an hour and a half, tired from running, Augusto sat on a small hill where he often lay at the end of his training to regain his strength and relax to watch the movement of the trees' foliage.

At the beginning of the path a small shelter of some gypsy. A filthy mattress, blankets, and thousands of plastic bags discarded around the place. He wandered to see if the man or woman who created this ruin was still there. But there was none.

Someone must pay for what had happened yesterday, Augusto thought to himself!

Back home, he planned what should be done.

IV

Rome was once in these places; it was the only civilization to have had the Thousand-Year Reich, the pagans gods who a time were propitiated, the concept of War and Honour for the Roman civilization, everything didn't exist any more... now everything was infested by the dross of this society. Augusto thought that way to himself, starting to reflect on his name, that of one of the greatest Emperors of Rome...

It was past midnight. He had dressed completely in black, left his home and with his car drove to the place where he had seen the dirty mattress and filth around the woods.

Parked the car, waited a good time before advancing on the path, among the darkness of the trees.

He was inside, carrying with him a petrol can. He put on his balaclava, and slowly reached his target.

Augusto hoped to find someone but the mattress and the area were empty. He poured petrol around and set fire.

He ran towards the car not to be seen from the nearby houses. Just before leaving the trail he took off his balaclava and got in the car leaving the place, which shone in the distance because of the flames.

He continued driving into the city centre, at the same time a fire truck passed him in a hurry with its siren lit up. Someone had called seeing the flames, and someone had known what was burning.

Augusto parked his car in a place crowded with people and began to walk around in order for them to see him and his alibi was thus validated.

After about an hour, he returned home.

V

Outside the rain had stopped and the air was cold and dry.

Augusto decided to go out alone on the streets of his city. Black bomber jacket, camouflage and boots, the cold banged on his shaved head.

He found pleasure in people staring at him and staring at the symbols of the ideology that he led and upheld, to then immediately lower their glance when Augusto's eyes crossed theirs.

His desire at the time was that someone would confront him, in order to defy himself in the fight.

His desire was not far from happening.

He was deliberately walking near an area frequented by political opponents. With high head and with defiant glance, he sat nearby to observe.

It was not long and three individuals with matted hair and beard approached him.

“Aren’t you ashamed of the svastika on the jacket?” said one of them.

“And why should I be ashamed?”

“For the extermination of six million Jews, for example.”

“I can not be ashamed of something that never happened!” Augusto replied with a fury that arose suddenly from within.

“Nazi bastard!” one of them shout almost with foaming from the mouth.

Before the man could finish his words the comrade punched him to the ground. Now the others rushed upon Augusto trying to hit him but in a strange guard position, mindful of some of the teachings of Martial Arts, he dodged the blows of the two others and hit them repeatedly, making them bleed.

Meanwhile, a fourth man from the shadow hits him with a stick behind his shoulders.

He fell to his knees, but got up almost immediately, to dodge the man's attempt to hit him again.

Augusto threw a kick and the man was on the ground. Within five minutes the four men were all on the ground and a bit of their blood stained the earth. They did not expect this promptness hidden by his apparent calm demeanour and clearly outnumbered.

He went away before the police arrived, because without a shadow of doubt they would have passed him in the wrong, because he was only a dirty "Nazi"!

VI

Bach's musick filled the dark room, Augusto stared from his bed at the few stars which could be seen from his window.

It had almost been two years since his interests were concentrated on politics, but those same interests which two years ago animated him now bored him.

The gauze was bloodstained and he got up to change it.

When the musick was over, the sleep came.

"A black space with hundreds of stars. A distant whirlwind of fire. A large asteroid. A hole seemed to open in it, and small spaceships passed into it. A strange building, as if it belonged to a distant future."

Augusto woke up a bit before dawn. He sat on his bed thinking about the dream he just had, and soon after returned his mind on the face of the woman he had glimpsed in the bar.

"I have decided!" he said to himself.

VII

The postman rung the bell.

"Sir you have got mail" Augusto read aloud the letter while collecting the newspaper from the ground.

"Dear Mister..." he read aloud "your job application was accepted...", a job away from his city was now his. "Accommodation is provided at the address on street..."

The day's newspaper headline said "Fire devastates a nomad camp, 3 dead and many injured"

The suitcases were packed and Augusto was travelling in the direction of his new home.
He reached the house and brought his things inside.

The evening had fallen, the air was cold and a breeze arose from the trees around.
He took a small oak casket containing a quartz crystal tetrahedron, wrapped in a black cloth.

For nearly two years that crystal had been packed into the casket and now seemed to pulsate.
It was cold and the crystal seemed to light up intermittently.

In the darkness of the room, he sat on the bed holding in the palm of his hands the crystal, gazing at it.

Something inside him had changed, again!

Two knocks on the door, he opened.

"Hello" said the woman of the bar.

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
♫ 119 yf

Fragments 125 - I

Alchemical Season of Arcturus, 125 yf

Dark Gate.

And the Sunedrion begins. Only the few who have had the courage to dare.

The transient forms. Satanism.

The sinister dialectic is the evaluation method for our short-term and long-term aims and it is what among other things distinguishes us with a clean break from plethora of pseudo-Satanists, which now abound in that sort of “*occult brotherhood*” that yet some enjoy to define as such.

Culling. Opfers.

A gift for the Prince, or as Tradition, for She who rules this world we call Earth. Baphomet, our Dark and Violent Goddess!

Not only worthless scum, but also forms and structures can be immolated and sacrificed to the Dark Gods. Further means to fulfil the work of our Prince.

So it was chosen, on this night full of terror.

Invoking an acausal force, directing it at breaking up that form, that group, which with its actions it is trying to undermine the sinister dialectic and then the emergence of the New Aeon. A right satanic punishment and a warning to those who will come.

The first part of our secret, of our sinister magick. *Copula cum Daemone.*

The stone circle in the glade. Dark around.

The Priestess holds the quartz crystal in the shape of a tetrahedron in her hands.

The Priest incenses with sulphur counter-clockwise and then puts both his hands on the crystal.

*Dies Irae, Dies Illa
Solvat Saeculum in Favilla
Teste Satanas cum Sibylla.
Quantos Tremor est Futurus
Quando Vindex est Venturus
Cuncta Stricte Discussurus.
Aperiat Strella et Germinet
Atazoth et Falcifer!*

The Sinister Chant echoes in the darkness.

A chthonic vibration of *Agios o Shaitan* begins and a darkness comes from the crystal to enter and wrap the Priestess. The sexual union begins, the darkness swirls in the air and lust makes part of the work. The Climax of the Priestess.

She, who is a Gate to Their world. *Shaitan!*

They all go.

The Priest stays there until dawn.

The Sun appears slowly.

Shugara rises from Nexion which on that night was opened – and the culling sigil burns, while the Sun inflames the surrounding sky.

Suscipe Shugara, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth.

Nupus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
Arcturus Rising 125 yf

The Sinister Tarot



Eques Sinemus, Secuntra Nexion, ONA, 117 yf

Satanic Nazarenes

A Death Bell

It's an epidemic! Indeed a true pandemic – initially originated from the place called Amerika and then propagated in Europe. For several years the disease, we call for simplicity of the “*Satanic Nazarene*”, also arrived here in Italy.

We are talking about that disease which takes the form of a herd animal, which in Amerika is mostly known as “*theistic satanist*” and who here likes to call themselves “*spiritual satanist*”.

Almost all of these “*spiritual satanists*”, despite fine words that they can sometimes use to describe themselves, are weak and dull individuals – nothing more than Nazarene scum dressed in black who prostrates themselves to – as is usual in the religious practice of any type – a “*Being*” who they mistakenly called Satan. For them this “*Satan*” would be the “*good*” commonly accepted, even as they are related to the matrix of the illusions of *good* and *bad* – some divinity with “*human*” features and characteristics or some form resurrected from dead Aeons (*Sumerian, etc.*), not to mention one of the grotesque medieval forms – without any *numinosity* and any real darkness and above all a form linked to causal concepts and Jewish and old Aeon influences. A sort of “*benevolent entity*” that was mostly subject to a “*bad light*” over centuries.

Slaves of ancient mythologies if not more fanciful and utterly ridiculous abstractions about aliens and genetic alterations so much in vogue nowadays.

Their practices more often have a jumble of eastern pseudo-mysticism, superstition and Jewish *Qabalah*, with excerpts of invocations extrapolated from grimories of Jewish origin, so dear to the old Aeon's current. They speak of getting in touch with demonic entities as something to be done easily in the safety of their own home via some pseudo-ritual by aforementioned grimories – without achieving anything really meaningful and effective, but deceive themselves with self-astonishment heroin, abstraction and pseudo-intellectual gymnastics. No direction, no Path leading to Adeptship and beyond, no real personal development.

Many of them see sex as a taboo, as something not satanic and therefore condemn ceremonial practices such as the Black Mass or other forms of sexual magick – the ecstatic joy of sexual frenzy in a ritual environment as something regrettable – but there isn't to surprise given their affinity to the Nazarene religion – in fact, as good sheep as they are, they are helping the current of Nazarene/Magian distortion as worshippers of Yeshua do every day.

They love to create labels to define everything that does not fit into their satanic vision, they call this as “*acid satanism*” – which although it defines that type of *adolescent* satanism born due to weakness and lack of self-control – everything that is illegal, dynamic, action in real world, real heresy, darkness, opposition to *accepted* and everything that does not fit their personal view is from them labelled as “*acid*” and not-satanism.

They incite to the dishonourable practice of denouncing to the State (*an impersonal entity for them to respect and to obey to*) those Satanists so far from them and considered by them like “*acids*”, because they are so far from the real darkness that Satan is. A way, not too veiled, to eliminate those who promote and embrace different views from their own.

They love to feel part of a “*satanic community*”, a flock of same kind. As in all flocks (*qv. Temple of Set and the Church of Satan*), there is who say what is accepted or not, and above all what is or is not true satanism. A dog that puts them in line and barks when someone distance themselves from the flock’s view, threatening expulsion from corral.

They love to be safe with their own ideas and their occult paraphernalia and they play to satanism as long as the Law of their State is not broken. They take delight in mostly devoid of substance discussions (*objective or subjective whether it is*) and in morbid attempt to bring to the fore satanism as some sort of *accepted* religion – obsessively trying to bring this “*religion*” and Satan himself to the origin of mankind (*exactly doing what they deny to all monotheistic religions*), often inventing fanciful theories and childish myths to prevent their castle from collapsing. They talk about respect for people of their kind and ethics not to harm anyone as well as about a morality, coincidentally in line with the status quo and with the current occupation regime.

They consider themselves “*spiritual warriors*”, fighting against an *obscurantist regime*, simply by sitting comfortably and safely in their own homes – playing the role of “*black wizards*” with their pseudo-rituals without any effect, except the continuous massage of their egos. No real action in the real world, no real dare, opposition, danger, heresy, disintegration of that regime, none of these. But rather, a silent subservience to the State and then to that regime that loudly they define *obscurantist*. Nothing more than mundane playing to satanism.

They take delight in adulating their shepherd (*often an individual with no experience and knowledge of any kind*), they speak of “*individual path*” but then they crawl at the feet of any person can give them answers or comfort – they like public recognition, they like to feel themselves accepted and their view is the only one that can be defined as satanism. They are obsessed by Magian’s 666 and they seek in Satan (*often unconsciously*) or in his female counterpart a “*family*” who have obviously never had, by adopting such an obvious psychological projection, in full slave by archetypes who have never dealt with and which often they are completely unaware of.

The disease of the *Satanic Nazarene* was helped by the ephemeral medium called the Internet and by the countless social networks. These “*keyboard warriors*” – it is just what they are, because almost all of them have no real experience of Sinister in the real world – they found space to proliferate and to blow their mouths of stammering monkeys, they have never really tried to understand the essence of who they call Satan, His darkness, His dynamic and disruptive and evolutionary essence, the essence which is beyond forms (whether esoteric, religious or political) and the concepts of good and evil, the self-discipline, the Satanic Honour and the need for selective ordeals both internal and external, the importance of direct and personal experience during a period of many years alone and unaided (Pathei-Mathos), the importance of building of one's character and body, as well as the need to Presencing the Dark, performing acts of defiance in the real world and to strive to become like Satan.

With regard to understanding the ONA then, who of them has ventured into this, they remaining trapped seeing as the *essence* the outer/exoteric part of transient forms that often ONA adopted (*and adopts*) for its short-term and long-term aims – without ever strive to make their way through the *Labyrinthos Mythologicus* which ONA created within thousands of pages of its esoteric corpus.

But this does not matter, “*Non generant aquilae columbas*”.

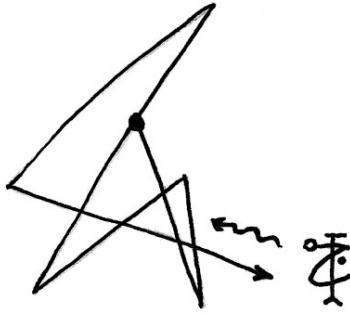
Perhaps some of them (*very few*) might have some potential – but they should discard all those emotional crutches which until now have kept them standing in the safe island of their satanic world – and this requires great effort and a deep inner work that few are really willing to face.

From our side, we will continue to have fun observing their proclamations and their internal disagreements, arising in most cases from the heretical ideas that ONA promotes and which undermine the safety of their little satanic world. Some of them, perhaps, may also be suitable to become *opfers*, and then they will have, even if only for a moment, a chance to experience the true darkness that Satan is.

Given their lack of understanding (*whether esoteric or exoteric*) they will continue to give us their useless labels, some of them will call us *criminals*, *terrorists*, “*acids*”!

Well yes! We are the *Acid par excellence*! That corrosive vitriol that breaks the base matter! That disrupts the Homo Hubris!

At the end, like all the flock beasts, they are doomed to perish!



Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
Italia, Deneb 124 yf

The Baeldraca's Roar

Some Order MSS speaks of “*a danger in coming in contact with a Sinister Initiate*”, but what is it actually?

The Seven-Fold Way is a means to become a nexion to the acausal, a gate to The Land of the Dark Immortals and this requires a *conscious* integration of all those “dynamic” forces/energies known to us as the Dark Gods.

A Sinister Initiate will be dangerous because of the very dynamic/sinister nature/force/energy which they will have integrated/freed. They will be dangerous practically in their way of life but also in a more subtle/esoteric way.

In fact they will be the causal counterpart of those same forces/energies/Dark Gods freed, and this leads the Initiate to a certain way of life that is in tune with the acausal flow opened. In case there are resistances and therefore the interruption of this acausal flow, the life of the Initiate almost certainly would start its disintegration. The Sinister Initiate, in their way, as well as a vortex of energy in the Abyss, could prove disruptive for all those who directly or indirectly have to do with them. It is no secret that mundane is raw matter that Initiate often uses and which sometimes destroys for their short-term and long-term aims. It would not be strange to see some people around them go insane, to be devoured by obsession, disease, and sometimes death.

No Ritual of Death here, but a wordless Magick/Curse.

“With a glance I can strike you dead!”

from The Ceremony of Recalling
ONA, The Black Book of Satan I

That is the usefulness, indeed the necessity, to Presence the Dark at regular intervals – to continue to flow with the acausal stream called. Because when that darkest, formless energy is released in the causal, it will produce changes in accordance with its nature but also with *wyrd* of those who invoke it.

What has been sown it must be picked up or it will burn to the Sun.

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
Mid-Summer 123 yf

Nèkyia – Nigredo in the Seven-Fold Way

As it is known, each of the seven stages that makes up the Occult path known as Seven-Fold Way is characterized by a particular process or alchemical phase (*qv. Alchemical Process in Naos*). For example, for the first sphere Moon, Calcination; for the second sphere Mercury, Separation and so on. Namely, the particular process or alchemical phase will be the essence that you will perceive/experience in every Grade Ritual of each sphere. However, the first three phases of the septenary anodos (*tasks and ordeals respectively*) can be compared, in their entirety and using the language of alchemy, to a great phase of *Nigredo*. An immersion into the darkness both inside and outside of the individual that lives and performs *sinister* exeatic experiences.

“Only by journeying through the darkness within us and without can we attain self-divinity and thus fulfil the potentiality of our existence.”

ONA, The Black Book of Satan I, The Sinister Creed

The culmination is the *Putrefactio* that will be experienced in the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept (*the forth of seven stages*), where the Ego dies and the Self takes over. Usually, a useful way of living and performing the above-mentioned sinister exeatic experiences is our extreme and dangerous form of Satanism. By experimenting the *Nigredo*, namely the descent (*qv. V.I.T.R.I.O.L.*), through the years, the life of the Initiate is completely altered by a continuous change. Anguish, sadness, obsession, madness but also ecstasy and joys beyond compare, delivered by a living on the edge. There must be a true immersion in the darkness both inside and outside so that the *Nigredo* can produce results, obviously with a clear aim in mind. So that one will not give in to idle impulses. There will be bloodstained hands, perversions and violence. If one survives, after years, the resulting *pathei-mathos* will be the key for transcending the “sinister” and living the “numinous” aspect of themselves and of specific sinisterly-numinous emanations (*qv. Internal Adept*), in order to try the Crossing of the Abyss, that, if one survives, is eventually followed by the genesis of a genuine Master/Mistress.

Pathei-Mathos – a term that represents our esoteric ethos. It is the banner for the Initiate of the Seven-Fold Way. It acquires a meaning that is increasingly more important as the septenary anodos becomes more demanding (*qv. Internal/External Adept and above*).

“The term pathei-mathos (πάθει μάθος) expresses the essence of the esoteric ethos of the Order of Nine Angles: the personal learning, by individuals, that often results from consciously undertaking practical exeatic experiences conventionally described as both ‘numinous’ and ‘sinister’.

Often simply translated as ‘learning from suffering’, the Greek term πάθει μάθος implies much more:

- i. *The Aeschylarian term – in the context of the original Greek – imputes that πάθει μάθος is a new logos; that is, is a guide to individuals living in a way that is more reasonable than hitherto.*
- ii. *The Greek term πάθος imputes more than the English word ‘suffering’. For example, it means or can imply – depending on context – misfortune, or what befalls a person,*

or personal adversity.

- iii. Similarly, the Greek term μάθος means or can imply – depending on context – not ‘learning’ per se but acquiring knowledge or acquiring understanding or acquiring instruction or acquiring insight (qv Thucydides, 1.68). This insight is or can be an insight into the physis (Φύσις) of beings and of ‘things’, but is often an insight into one’s own physis.

Thus, a more accurate interpretation of the term πάθει μάθος is personal misfortune can be the genesis of insight.”

ONA, On The Esoteric Learning Presenced Through Pathei-Mathos MS

During my personal anodos along the Seven-Fold Way, a particular ordeal, as a compendium of a solitary approach to life, has awakened among other things some unconscious factors that let me feel overwhelmed and dejected. The experienced *Nigredo* was powerful! For one year or more I lived in Hell, all certainties and comforts swept away. This was followed by a rise with a different awareness, a transmutating pathei-mathos. The unconscious must be integrated, all projections withdrawn before attempting the ordeal of Internal Adept where the *Putrefactio* dissolves all constructs external to the individual.

There follows a series of simple methods to create self-discipline and throw yourself into the abyss in order to recall your own Shadow [1]. It is a useful “psychological” part of Internal magick to the various practical and overtly magickal tasks that are expected in the first three stages of the alchemical process known as Seven-Fold Way.

The best period for starting is the alchemical season that spans the Autumn Equinox and the Winter Solstice. If necessary, the alchemical season can be longer. It has to be performed for at least three months. This task, which is added to other tasks of the septenary anodos, must be carried out during the stage of External Adept. It may be carried out twice, both during the stage of Initiate and the stage of External Adept (*possibly after pathworkings*).

- 1) **Remembrance:** every day, as soon as you wake up and before you do anything, analyse everything that has been done during the day. Analyse actions and sensations in a detached manner. Imagine then the actions that you are going to perform in the course of the day.
- 2) **Invocation of Sorrow:** every day, for a certain time (*for example 10 minutes*) and at the same time (*possibly as soon as you wake up and immediately after the Remembrance*) put yourself in a comfortable position, close your eyes and think about all the things that cause you pain, all your fears, everything which while being awake we try to forget and not to tackle. It is required a conscious act to recall all the painful memories we have. We must live them as if they were *real*. If you want to cry, cry; if you want to scream, scream, etc. At the end of the session stand up, wash your face and note the feelings you will experience during the day.
- 3) **Invocation of the Shadow:** every evening, for an established period of time (*for example 20 minutes*) and at the same time (*possibly after sunset*) lie down and with eyes closed vibrate for 9 times the word “Nox”. Vibrations concluded, say as follows: “*I invoke my Shadow!*”. Relax and let unconscious images flow through your mind. You must try not to control them, but simply look at them. At the end of the session, write down what you have

seen, heard and perceived. From the second month onwards, try to speak with the Shadow. From the third month onwards, after having understood what form your own Shadow adopts, try to integrate it in this way: visualize it before you and gradually melt yourself in it, or try to devour it.

- 4) **Searching for the symbol:** sessions of *Invocation of the Shadow* frequently generate a series of archetypal images in which lie a hidden meaning. Both through the associative method and through the searching of the symbol in myths/cultures/cosmogonies, try to give a rational explanation of what you have seen, heard and perceived. This is the process of objectification of energies
- 5) **Contemplation:** every night before going to sleep, if the weather allows it, lay down on the ground and contemplate the night sky with its stars, perceiving a bond that binds us indissolubly to Earth and Heavens. If this is not possible, focus on the sigil and try to perceive it three-dimensionally:



- 6) **Lesser Enantiodromia:** whenever you will be presented with a choice to make about something that generates conflict inside the self (*both for giddy and serious matters*), “consciously” force yourself to act differently from the way you would naturally behave. This process is often perceived as a real violence. We must break our own patterns/mental masks, both personal and social.
- 7) **Lidagon:** breaking your sexual schemes and living your sexual opposite, as well as making experiences that conventional morality would define as perverse and diverted, your own sexual dark side. The archetypes of Anima/Animus are also involved here [1].
- 8) **The Fool:** once a month you will perform a deed which we would never do voluntarily. This act is aimed at breaking your own mental patterns/masks, both personal and social. Plan and act.
- 9) **Lesser Antinomy:** every day in whatever social situation, act consciously the role of the opponent, be the same force that we call Satan. For example, be always in disagreement in a debate and defend the idea with conviction even if we know it can be wrong or we do not believe in it. Pay attention at the reaction of people and the way their attitude towards us changes.

“Confrontation with the shadow produces at first a dead balance, a standstill that hampers moral decisions and makes convictions ineffective or even impossible. Everything becomes

doubtful, which is why the alchemists called this stage nigredo, tenebrositas, chaos, melancholia.”

C. G. Jung, *Mysterium Coniunctionis*

“Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbraeque silentes et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late, sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine vestro pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.”

Virgil, *Eneide, Liber VI*

Almost all the small tasks mentioned above generate personal conflict and often pain; if fully lived, they can *transmutate* to become else. The tension that is created between the opposites may lead to the birth of a *Tertium*, a new equilibrium that transcends the opposites and expands the individual consciousness. Some of these tasks can be adapted to the way of life of the Initiate, thanks to a constant practice.

Forgetting is the hybris of man!

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

Notes:

[1] The integration of the archetype of the Shadow, followed by the integration of the archetype of Anima/Animus and of the Wise Old Man is an essential process for achieving the stage that Jung describes as “individuation” (*qv. Internal Adept*).

Esoterically understood, an archetype is

“a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (*and thus 'in the psyche'*): it is born (*or can be created, by magickal means*), it lives, and then it 'dies' (*ceases to be present, presenced*) in the causal (*i.e. its energy in the causal ceases*).”

Return to Primeval

I'm on a train, going through Italy to meet some clients of my mundane work.

Next to a window, observing the landscape that runs, piles of houses shrouded by trees and there, far away, long expanses of cement, where in the aimless frenzy animals of a species midway between man and sheep graze, *Homo Hubris*.

I find myself walking through the same city I was looking at from the window of the train.

The Sun gives off its heat and the asphalt emanates its unhealthy vapours mixed to car fumes with which people feed themselves everyday. Like the ones who study animal species, I dissociate my causal being to observe the *Homo Hubris* in its daily research in pursuit of nothingness.

People who are too absorbed by their electronic fetishes; mobile phones, smartphones, notebooks, instead of looking up to heaven in order to grasp the vastness or search for the spark within the eyes of another person. The quest for comfort, to make everything comfortable and safe.

You need to go to the first floor? Don't go up seven steps, use the lift!

You have to go buy milk, or your beer in front of your house? Don't walk one hundred meters, go by car! And so on to infinity.

The abstraction has taken precedence over life. Stupid social networks, stupid television, stupid everyday worries dictated by fashion of the moment. That grey abstraction, which absorbs the numinosity that may be inherent in some people. Airplanes that in just over an hour take you miles and miles away, into another country, losing the connexion with the land, with the effort, and thus with themselves.

The technology is not wrong, it is the exoteric form of the current Aeon, essential to our long-term aim of the "stellar colonization". But consumerism/capitalism of the dissemination of this technology under Magian/Nazarene influence has produced a bastard species without spirit!

I too take the transports above, I too use a computer to transpose this MS from paper, I too use a mobile phone, even though minimally, for running my mouth; it seems inevitable given the time and space in which we have our being, or not?

I think back to when Anton Long wrote his MSS with his typewriter and his pen; I think back over the task of finding them before the Internet was submerged from them, I think of that effort and that *pathei-mathos* that lead to understanding and evolution, I think of the challenge of survival and the joy of having survived another day, living own life on the edge.

And then, my mind comes back to the scum of *Homo Hubris*, why should we have pity for them?

Pity for those who spread out and graze upon expanses of cement, pity for those that nourish the Magian/Nazarene distortion and abstraction; pity for those that have no manners, who are cowardly, weak, without honour and spirit and who try to level all down to their own level, in opposition to that natural imperative which is the natural evolution of our species!

Why not use them as raw material, cull them with joy, individually and en masse?

Why not a Return to the Primeval?

A Gift for the Prince and for She who rules this world we call Earth!

Suscipe Baphomet, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Satanas!

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
Antares 122 yf

Baphomet, The Dark Goddess



Eques Sinemus, Secuntra Nexion, ONA, 124 yf

Waiting for Arcturus

Darkness had now crept behind those hills, and all were sitting on a carpet of dead leaves. The Sunedrion had so began. The *Nigredo* of each associated, as well as planned, had begun, with the rising of that particular alchemical season.

The Master of the Temple took one of their texts and broke the silence beginning to read

“Life culls – that is, the very process of human life on this planet, Earth, now and for Aeons past involves and involved some humans being preyed upon by others, usually because these other humans were driven by some instinct or some lust or some feeling that they could not control. In many ways, the development of human culture was part of the process that brought – or tried to bring – some regulation, a natural balance – to the process, generally because it was in the common interest (*the survival, the well-being*) of a particular ancestral or tribal community for a certain balance to be maintained: that is, for excessive personal behaviour to be avoided.

Whatever the actual genesis of natural justice, it was a feeling, an attitude, of only some – not all – humans. This feeling, this attitude, this instinct, this natural justice, was that some things – some types of behaviour and some particular deeds by humans – were *distasteful*: that is, not wrong or evil in any moralistic, dogmatic, modern manner, but just distasteful, disliked; that such behaviour or such deeds was *rotten*, and generally unhealthy, that is, not conducive to one’s well-being and so something to be avoided (*this sense of personal distaste, of something gone rotten, or bad, is the correct the meaning of the word κακός in Hellenistic culture*).

This personal distaste for certain types of human behaviour was the attitude of those whom we may call noble by nature, in terms of personal character, and those who possessed this taste (*for natural justice and this dislike of rotten humans*) were almost always in a minority. [...]

For Aeons, there was a particular pattern to human life on this planet: small ancestral and tribal communities, led and guided by an aristocracy, who often squabbled or fought with neighbouring or more distant communities, and which aristocracy was quite often overthrown or replaced, usually by one person who was far less noble (*often ruthless and brutal*) and whose rule lasted for a while – or was continued for a while by their descendants – until that less noble person, or their equally ignoble descendants, were themselves defeated, and removed, and the natural aristocracy restored. In other words, individuals of noble instincts dealt with, and removed, individuals of rotten character. [...]

Given this pattern of slow evolution toward more nobility – and of a return to a natural balance which is inherent in this evolution – a certain wisdom was revealed, a certain knowledge gained. [...]

This wisdom concerned our human nature, and the need for nobility (*or excellence, arête, ἀρετή*) of personal character. This received wisdom was:

- (1) that natural justice, and the propensity for balance – the means to restore balance and the means of a natural, gradual, evolution – resides in *individuals*;
- (2) that natural justice, and the propensity for balance, was preferable because it aided the well-being and the development of communities; and
- (3) that nobility of individual character, or a rotten nature, are proven (*revealed*) by deeds, so that it is deeds (*actions*) and a personal knowing of a person which count, not words.

Or, expressed another way, ancestral cultures teach us that our well-being and our evolution, as humans, is linked to – if not dependant upon – individuals of noble instincts, of *proven* noble character, and thence to dealing with, and if necessary removing, individuals of rotten character. Hence, that a type of natural culling was desirable – the rotten were removed when they proved troublesome or became a bad influence, and were seen for what they were: rotten. [...]"

Darkness had now taken over and the only light was the red glare of the lanterns. The Mistress of the Earth looked at all members and to pay tribute to what the Master of the Temple had already said, she began to read from the collection of their most controversial and secret MSS

"In genuine Satanism [*primal Satanism*] sacrifice is accepted, and indeed necessary. In former times, it involved both animal and human sacrifice. Today, however, it involves human sacrifice only – since there are an abundance of suitable specimens, due to the increase in human dross.

Sacrifice is accepted Satanic practice for several reasons. First, it is a test of Satanic character – to kill someone on the personal level (*e.g. with one's own hands*) is a character building experience, and today enables various skills to be developed (*e.g. cunning in execution and planning*). Second, it has magickal benefits. Third, it sorts the imitation or toy Satanists out from the genuine – the former find excuses and usually retreat to their comfy, intellectualised world of playing at 'Satanic roles and rituals', or they are genuinely horrified and expose themselves for what they are – gutless cowards who lack Satanic darkness.

However, as explained elsewhere, genuine Satanic sacrifice is always done for a reason – a calculating purpose. It is never strictly personal – i.e. it does not arise from any desire which is personal, whether unconscious or not. [...]

The word 'opfer' generally refers to the sacrifice that occurs - symbolic or otherwise - during certain rituals. There are, generally, two types of opfer: (1) associated with rites to open a nexion (*or 'Star Gate'*), between Aeons – when such an opfer(s) is considered necessary in terms of the 'energy' required; (2) those associated with traditional beliefs regarding the 'working of the cosmos'. (*'Opfers' associated with death rituals form a third type*). [...]

As has been written – opfers are human culling in action. That is, Satanic sacrifice makes a contribution to improving the human stock: removing the worthless, the weak, the diseased (*in terms of character*). Naturally, this culling occurs on a somewhat larger scale by using magickal means to direct/influence/control events in real time (*i.e. in the causal*) and so produce historical change (*war/strife/struggle/revolution and so on*) than it does by choosing a specific opfer and executing an act of sacrifice. [...]

Opfers are not chosen at random – they are always carefully selected, then judged, then tested. The actual act – be such a ritual or a practical act (*such as an assassination*) – is

never done for any personal reason. That is, it never arises out of personal emotions or from personal desires. Instead, the act is supra-personal – done with a Satanic judgement and a Satanic detachment arising from both sinister knowledge (*e.g. of Aeonics*) and direct knowledge of the character or actions of the victim. The act itself and the prior judgement as to the suitability of the victim or victims is often communal – involving a Temple/group and thus a participation which enables a reasoned and balanced assessment by those participating. [...]

The use of victims by Satanists has been misunderstood. Victims are always carefully chosen following an assessment and judgement of them (*usually by a Master or Lady Master*) – the victims stands revealed by their deeds and their life. The victims are then tested (*usually three times*) to give them an opportunity to show potential and reveal their true nature – that is, they are given a sporting chance. Only after these tests have confirmed their suitability – their defective nature – will they become victims. Hence, Satanic victims can never be children: all victims must have done something which reveals their defective nature. This ‘doing’ is always of a certain type: it reveals them for what they are, generally worthless scum whose culling, for example, benefits evolution. That is, the actions/life of the chosen victim are indicative of weakness – of all those traits of character which genuine Satanists despise. Things such as cowardice, treachery, sycophancy, fear, bullying, lack of self-control...

Hence, there is no such thing as an ‘innocent’ Satanic victim: the victims of Satanic acts get what they deserve. Victims are thus instruments of Satanic change – raw material which the novice uses (*and often disposes of*) to learn from.”

And so it was decided by all the associates. Culling through the Ritual of Death!

Autumn Equinox was over and all members of the Nexion were still imbued with that energy that had possessed them that night, within that shrine in the mountain. Their magick known as *Copula cum Daemone* had made them a vehicle to presencing of that terrible acausal energy that they had dared to summon.

Thus decided, several days after and during six nights *Shugara* was called back to consciousness by everyone, and it was clearly noticeable in all of them. Their life was changing once again.

The Sun had set and the Temple was filled with fumes of musk that saturate the air. The Priestess was naked and lying on the altar and the Mistress of the Earth was with her. The Mistress was in the beginning of her red flow and with her hands, smooth as porcelain, began to shape the effigy. This was then placed on the Priestess’ womb. The birth. A link with the designated offer was thus created, via the acausal matrix that binds any living being.

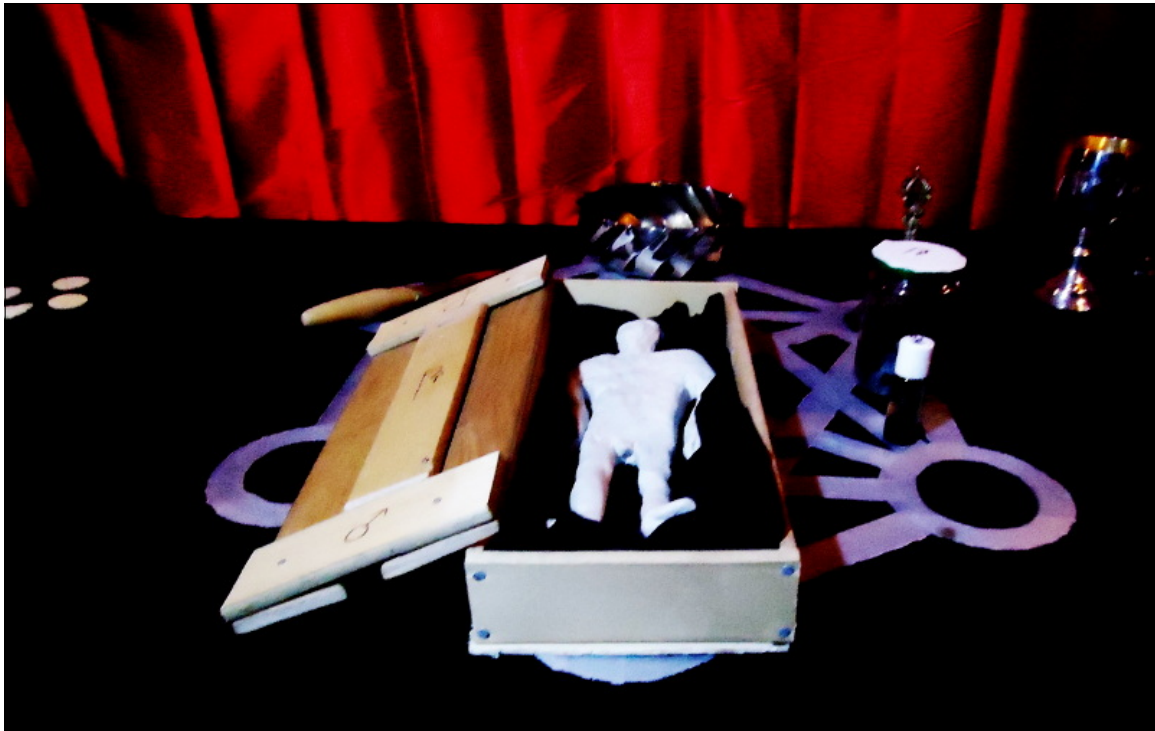
Thirteen tolls.

The Master of the Temple led the congregation in front of the altar. The musick was slow and deep. Climax of the Rite and a chant, *Agios Alastoros* rang inside that building. An atavistic darkness arose, ready to banquet on chosen offer.

The rain kept falling and the wind moved the distant trees. The star Arcturus would rise soon announcing the rising of the Sun. The pit had been dug, while silence fell on that hill on the edge of an agricultural land. The dark and grey sky was a nice frame.

The Mistress of the Earth put the wooden coffin with the effigy on the bottom of the pit and covered it with the same ground. The Mistress broke the silence by saying “[omissis] *you are dead, now, killed by our curse*”. The Master finally said “*Suscipe Baphomet, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth*”.

A banquet started. All associates, as a community, were committed to celebrate with joy the culling, knowing that they had thus done the work of their Prince.



Secuntra Nexion, ONA
126 yf

The Fool

I have been planning it for a few weeks and now is the day to give shape to my thought. I brush up my Doctor Martens and my black bomber jacket, hair goes away quickly and the head is shaved again.

A few hours by train to reach a large Italian city. The Paris attacks on 13 November passed recently and the pleb feels strongly the weight of an invisible threat that could catch them *ex abrupto*.

My second task of this type – the first took place last month and always in the real world, with the danger that this implies, it had tested me and made me feel something interesting. The present task would see me act the role of a political extremist in a “hostile” place with the aim of spread a climate of fear and intolerance which was living and spreading in Western lands at this time. About *The Fool* ordeal

“once a month you will perform a deed which we would never do voluntarily. This act is aimed at breaking your own mental patterns/masks, both personal and social. Plan and act.”

Secuntra Nexion, ONA, Nèkyia – Nigredo in the Seven-Fold Way

It had been now a long time since my *Insight Role* where for about two years I lived as an extreme right wing political activist. Years very intense in which the sinister was presenced without ritual, without occult paraphernalia. Now my perspective had changed, it was different, and the direct approach had changed into something more introspective, in a work more “behind the scenes”. The manipulation had become more subtle and the audacity and arrogance of that age were transmuted into a more controlled approach and in some ways a more scholarly approach over matter. Wear those clothes again anyway had its effect. As well as in the past the warrior archetype had awakened.

The neighbourhood is full of immigrants, the neighbourhood-ghetto *par excellence* and there I am the only white man. I walk defiantly looking for the clash with the Muslims of the area. I get closer to the entrance of a store and to two men sitting there in their traditional clothing. I push them and I throw the objects outside the store. But they don’t do anything, they just remain petrified, fixed, and try to appease me. They do not react and no one would do it for the next two hours.

A group of street vendors sees me and runs away; I try to follow them. No one stops me.

How much hubris there is in what I am doing: in condemning a person without a personal knowledge of them, without a personal knowledge of their actions. But often you have to get your hands dirty for bigger goals, I think to myself while I beat a Muslim to a wall and I throw his taqiyah to the ground insulting him with hateful words so that everyone could hear me.

Despite the neighbourhood is full of immigrants no one comes forward to stop me. The police would come later with turned on sirens but not because of me.

Terror to generate a reaction; terror to plant a seed.

After a couple of hours I decide I have had enough and leave the neighbourhood.

Somewhere else but always in the same city and in a “hostile” zone, someone else, someone of our group, has decided to shift shape and take on the appearance of a Muslim and with Koran in his hand preaching the superiority of Islam.

Nupus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
126 yf

Spreading Mythos



Training: China, TM, ONA, 125 yf

Opening Wide The Abyss

My first encounter with the Seven-Fold Way occurred in circumstances that a mundane could describe as completely random, seemingly unconnected and yet right now revealed some consistency, at least in my head. Most people tend to ignore signs and symbols with which we are continually overwhelmed, but that we are unable to recognize: impulses, feelings, inexplicable inclinations that instinctively lead toward a particular path, more often clouded by laziness and abulia. After establishing a first contact, what I saw and felt appeared in another aspect, unfiltered, and spoke to me in a fluid language, pure, familiar. Next, I took the time to win doubts and resistances generated by rational unconscious. And in fact it is precisely this: to fight one's ego and strip it of all the prejudices and the false morality that over the years have accumulated to form bastions of cowardice and respectability. The resulting *Nigredo* was devastating. Falling into the Abyss, this time in a conscious way, has opened up new levels of perception, a new way of understanding the "common sense" and what relates us to the world.



(Psychic Pressure, Temple's Antechamber)

Even our inner demons look like different features, they communicate with a different intensity and are nestled in a vast and acausal framework. Direct experience and the use of aeonic energies

combine well to form within individual a sinister type character, disciplined and broke the suffering, to the descent. The route outlined will therefore seem arduous and at times discouraging: it takes time, patience and above all dedication, qualities that often, especially in the initial stage, may be insufficient to sustain the power of the forces evoked or the weight of the living dangerously, always at the limit. If one is unable to embrace the dark and numinous presences brought-into-light by means of direct experience, then it is likely that one will be destroyed. The spectre of madness and the psychological loss is always around the corner.

With these mixed feelings in the heart, and well aware of the risks, I decided to join my companions and follow the path, just as the events of life took me away, to an unknown and sometimes hostile land. To celebrate my Initiation I was supposed to depart from a country in Northern Europe, where I had just moved, and get back on fatherland soil. Exactly at that moment I received an initial response from the unconscious, clear, unambiguous and especially powerful, able to wipe out with the same blinding fury of lightning that whole plethora of quirks that undermined my convictions.

Answers from within, but also many confirmations from the outside. When the signals become irrefutable, there is no physical distance that can come between desire and fulfilment of the work. Subsequent events have allowed, after several months, I got back with my brothers e sisters also spatially, a further validation of the above expressed, reinforcing the bond and the common purpose that had brought us together.

Azanya
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

Hibernum

On the settled day, as agreed, we move to the place chosen for our celebration. The area has been carefully studied several weeks before and a very specific point has been identified as the most suitable to our purpose.

The chosen area is a quiet valley crossed by a small muddy river, a grassy glade surrounded by hills with dense woods from which a small country pops up.

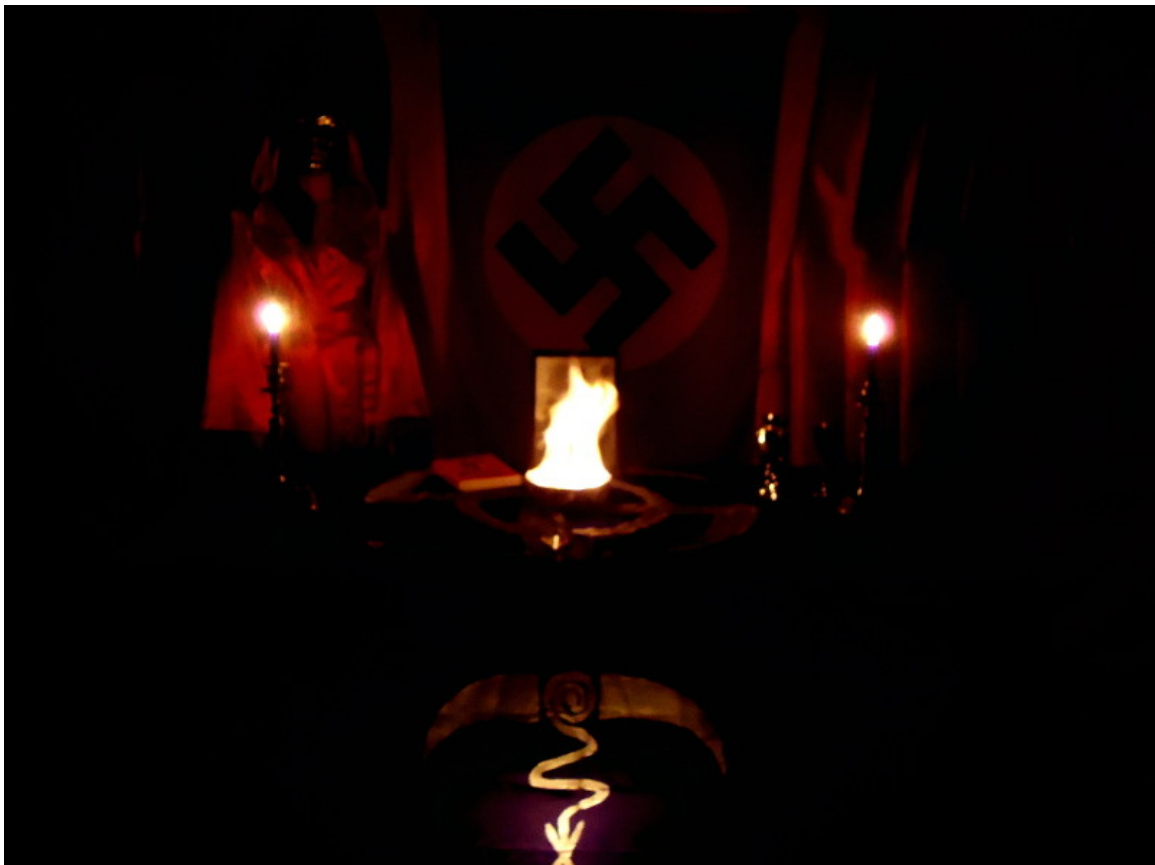
In some places the trees give a glimpse of the grassy glades and it is precisely towards one of that we are headed.

We start walking the short distance that separates us from the more secluded place that we were able to find thanks our inspections. We walk along the small river and in some places the tangle of roots and the muddy ground make difficult to walk.

Once arrived where the trees open on a large glare, we settle.

A shrub is perfectly suited as an altar and with its short thorny branches serves as a perfect handhold for the flag and the portrait of the Führer; at the bottom of the shrub lanterns with red glasses, the incense and various items of the rite are placed, all duly protected from the wind but not from the high humidity that impregnates the air and the ground.

The first phase of our celebration is the Mass of Heresy.



We turn towards the flag bearing the immortal symbol of the Svastika. A rhythmic and epic military song accompanies our silent contemplation. We pay homage to the effigy bowing and we declaim our Creed.

*We believe
Adolf Hitler was sent by our gods
To guide us to greatness.
We believe in the inequality of races
And in the right of the Aryan to live
According to the laws of the folk.
We acknowledge that the story of the holocaust
Is a lie to keep our race in chains
And express our desire to see the truth revealed.
We believe in justice for our oppressed comrades
And seek an end to the world-wide
Persecution of National-Socialists.*

*We believe in the Magick of our wyrd
And curse all who oppose us.
We express our pride in the great achievements
Of our race
And shall not cease from striving
Since we believe the destiny
Of our noble Aryan race lies among the stars!*

The musick stops, leaving a long moment of silence in which the memory of comrades fallen into extreme fighting for their ideals is accompanied by the beats of a drum played by the group's Cantor. Then we drink mead everyone from the same chalice, one at a time, then greeting vigorously the Führer and raising the right arm with pride and imperious will. Meanwhile, the excited tones of the celebration and the drumbeats have attracted the attention of the dogs, barking everywhere. We feel surrounded, even though the dogs are probably a few kilometres away, our words and declamations have come down to them and to the most distant houses. The surrounding vegetation does not soften our noise but rather amplifies it as if to shout to the whole world that we are there, defying the law of the mundane with an heretic act.

At this point the second part of our celebration begins: the seasonal ritual on the occasion of the Winter Solstice.

We all turn to the West, to the cosmic quadrant that shows up in wintertime. The Master shouts "*Agios o Lucifer*" impressing the holy sigil in the air with his stick. We all together, after weeks of careful preparation, intone the Esoteric Chant of the Mercury Sphere generating a homogeneous and powerful sound wall. Master and Mistress are placed in the middle of the congregation, which now starts to turn counter-clockwise vibrating until exhaustion "*Atazoth*". The Mistress holds in her hands the tetrahedron, the channel for the grounding of the energies that coalesce, during the celebration, in a dark vortex. The Cantor, standing still next to central couple, continues to accompanying the rite with the incessant and rhythmic beating of the drum, which violently disturbs the quiet of the valley.

The central couple vibrates "*Nythra Kthunae Atazoth*" visualizing the cosmic tear of Nexion which opens filling up the air with dark matter directly from the acausal space. Then, after the words of

power “*Binan Ath Ga Wath Am*” are pronounced, the widening of the Nexion stops, leaving a steady gate open wide, a bridge to the Earth and our circle. The Master chants “*Diabolus*” and the “*Chant of Atazoth*” and a shapeless mass descends on Earth and on us with a violent stream, filling us with its energy. The Cantor stops playing and in the silence of the night every member of the congregation lies their hands on the tetrahedron, a receptacle of the Dark, trying to absorb the swirling and shapeless mass within themselves and filling the body and mind with Darkness.

Before concluding the ceremony, the symbol of our Tradition is charged concluding in a chorus of voices in unison, with the final chant “*Aperiatum Terra et Germinet Atazoth*”.

Whoever undertakes this Way must always remember that the possibility of their own death and destruction is inherent in every act; often, the person jeopardizes their own life and their own sanity, approaching in their path to supra-personal Dark forces, with a calculated and voluntary act, to learn and dare.

The following weeks were an important moment of pathei-mathos, with their disintegration of personal constructs and with the collapse of the surrounding reality; effects of something esoteric, experienced and verified first-hand by each associate of the Nexion.

Nythra
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
A 126 yf

Days of Solitude

Thunders rumble in the sky and shake the earth.

I am awakened by them and by the dropping of rain that I hear falling on the sides of my tent. The air is grey, giving the place a greater sense of isolation. The stream that surrounds my tent continues flowing and murmuring. The fire is out, and I try to kindle it again, so I can eat something before it starts pouring down. So many high beech trees and so many noises in the forest which pulsates with life. Losing sight through the leafy fronds of the trees, I stand thinking about the being that visited me in my dreams last night, like a dragon opening wide his mouth at me, shouting, while I (*although it was not me*) was taking an amulet from my neck for placing it before him. Then I woke up.

This is an ideal place to refine the Chants and for my readings. Experiencing that empathy with primal Nature, before returning to “civilization”, with its noises and its hubris!

Suddenly it gets dark all around me, the storm draws nigh. I now stand staring into the feeble flame before returning to the tent. The storm bursts. The rain falls strong and heavily, and I hear the thunders near. The rain falls over miles and miles of wild and remote forest, like a river. I rest inside the tent for several hours. The rain never stops, and it starts flooding my tent.

Darkness comes, and finally the rain stops falling. I go outside and take my quartz tetrahedron. It's cold, chilling...

I sit near the extinguished fire and while observing the tetrahedron I chant the *Agios o Baphomet* Chant, followed by *Diabolus* seven times. Everything around me seems to dissolve like dust to the wind, revealing what is beyond Nature.

I bow to the North.

For a moment the *awareness* of the acausal...

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
2nd August 119 yf

Fragments of a Magickal Diary



Dark Pathway VI



5th November 116 yf

Azanigin / $\frac{1}{2}(e)$

I take a bath and after it head to the room where an altar has been erected. A strong smell of mixed Petriochor and Ash comes over me.

I spread on my body the oils connected to the Pathway's planets, I wear the black robe, light the candles of two planetary colours and do some deep breaths concentrating myself on Atu X of the Sinister Tarot.

I begin vibrating the name of the Dark God. At the end of the fourth vibration I feel the alteration of my consciousness e and see that Atu is changed. Completed the eleventh vibration, I do some good breaths continuing to visualize the God's sigil on the card.

I begin a counter-clockwise dance keeping chanting the name of the Dark God. The dance speeds up until the frenzy leads me to fall on the ground. I vibrate with all the breath in my body the name of the Dark God, then I call her to appear. I immediately feel some electrical energy in the hands and soon after in the legs. The visions begin.

I see two wights in a black hooded robe, both facing each other, kneeled. The one on the left seems to make signals with the hands toward the wight on the right that seems to lean on the rod he holds in his right hand, keeping his left arm lifted upwards. Above them appears to me an altar made of stone, a sharp-cornered semicircle; Above it there is something that I can not distinguish in the beginning, then it becomes clear to me. There is a woman's body wrapped in a translucent white cloth lying on the altar. She's dead. Behind the altar, after a lighting, I see a silhouette of a man who soon after becomes a face, as if he is watching over the body on the altar. At the place of the figure with the rod, now there is a hole in the ground, which seems to pulsate and change shape, from round to square, and vice versa. After some time, from this chasm a figure with a black hooded robe comes out, standing in front of the entrance. All of a sudden, he turns towards the chasm again and disappears inside it. Other creatures follow him, all of them wearing a black hooded robe.

I get up from the ground and begin to turn clockwise exulting according to Tradition. Finally, I bow to North and conclude the working.

Agios Azanigin

Equus Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

Dark Pathway II

(Anima et Animus)



20th January 118 yf

Nythra / ♂(♀)

I have a ritual bath; the water is warm and includes the two planets oils. My partner is waiting for me in front of the altar, holding on her hands the quartz tetrahedron. I wear my black robe and put myself on the right. I lie my hands on the crystal and we both begin to vibrate the name of the God, visualizing the sigil within tetrahedron and projecting the vibration.

Our voices conjoin together, the vibration is powerful. Starting from the seventh vibration, I see the energy that is propagated by the tetrahedron like bright filaments. My consciousness is altered.

After the clockwise dance we fall on the ground and scream the obscure name of the God, visualizing the sigil on the altar. We close our eyes and lie on the ground.

I see a black Sun setting, surrounded by a reddish incandescence. I have the physical sensation to be lying on the top of a hill, observing the night sky. I don't see stars, it seems that the sky is starless. Suddenly, appears to me a little bright point in the sky, it's a star. This disappears right after. I see an arched portal, at the entrance there are two bright shapes, similar to men with faded, misty profiles. A man at the entrance of a cave appears before me. Indistinct figures, like mist, twirling in the dark. Cosmic winds whirl in the darkness. On top left, a dark matter forms a black hole. From the bottom right a white blurred mist rise up, entering into the black hole. Now my stomach burns. The black hole continues to swallow indistinct and white figures, like fog. One last star appears and then disappears.

I open my eyes and see on the room's ceiling myriads of stars and in the centre a square shadow. I feel something that touches my left foot. I see something coming out from tetrahedron on the altar and rising upwards. We get up, and we conclude the working according to Tradition.

When the Rite is finished we turn off the candles and sit on the floor in the dark. An electric energy in my body crawls up and paralyse a leg. I see a glowing in the dark and as hazy figures above the altar. Above it, a sphere of incandescent light appears, the centre of which is likes enlightened by two flames. The sphere has the consistency of a glowing mist, and is clearly visible only by me. Its light slowly begins to decline and eventually disappear when we switch on again the lights.

Nythra came and we are no longer the same!

Agios Nythra

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

Aryan Remembrance Day

9th November 119 yf

Black bomber jacket, pants and boots.

I go out to buy food I will need to celebrate the last part of the ceremony.

The incense of Mars and the flag behind the altar give me a sense of destabilization.

Heil Hitler!

Today, on 9 November, the year 119 of our Hitlerian era...

I perform the Mass of Heresy.

During the vibration of the second *Agios o Falcifer* I see filaments of energy. When the vibration is completed I take the flag behind the altar, and keep it high with a stick.

In the dark room the march of Silence fills the air, and at this point I lower the flag. A shiver runs through my body. Then resounds the Horst Wessel's song which I follow waving the svastika.

The latest paramilitary addition to the ceremony gave me strong sensations and awakens in me feelings of pride and respect, bringing me back to on 9 November 1923 ev. It is difficult that there will be a rebirth of National Socialism in Europe unless it changes its external form.

Some comrades of the party I joined for my *Insight Role* are celebrating under my advice a "purged" version of the Mass of Heresy, without its clear Occult elements, after reading carefully the collection containing various texts by Reichsfolk group called *Il Modo di Vivere Ariano (The Aryan Way of Life, ndt)* that we translated, assembled and distributed clandestinely.

The following night I dreamt of two eagles screaming outside my window. In the dream, I went out and the one on my left was great and beautiful. Back to my room, I noticed that someone has closed the shutters of the window. The eagle clung to them, as I could see its claws. I was in a small town, hiding and looking for a gun. There seemed to be a war. In the end, for some reason my family died, probably killed by soldiers.

I learnt later that during the performing of the Rite an acquaintance of mine has killed himself. His life was comparable to that of who we define as Opfer.

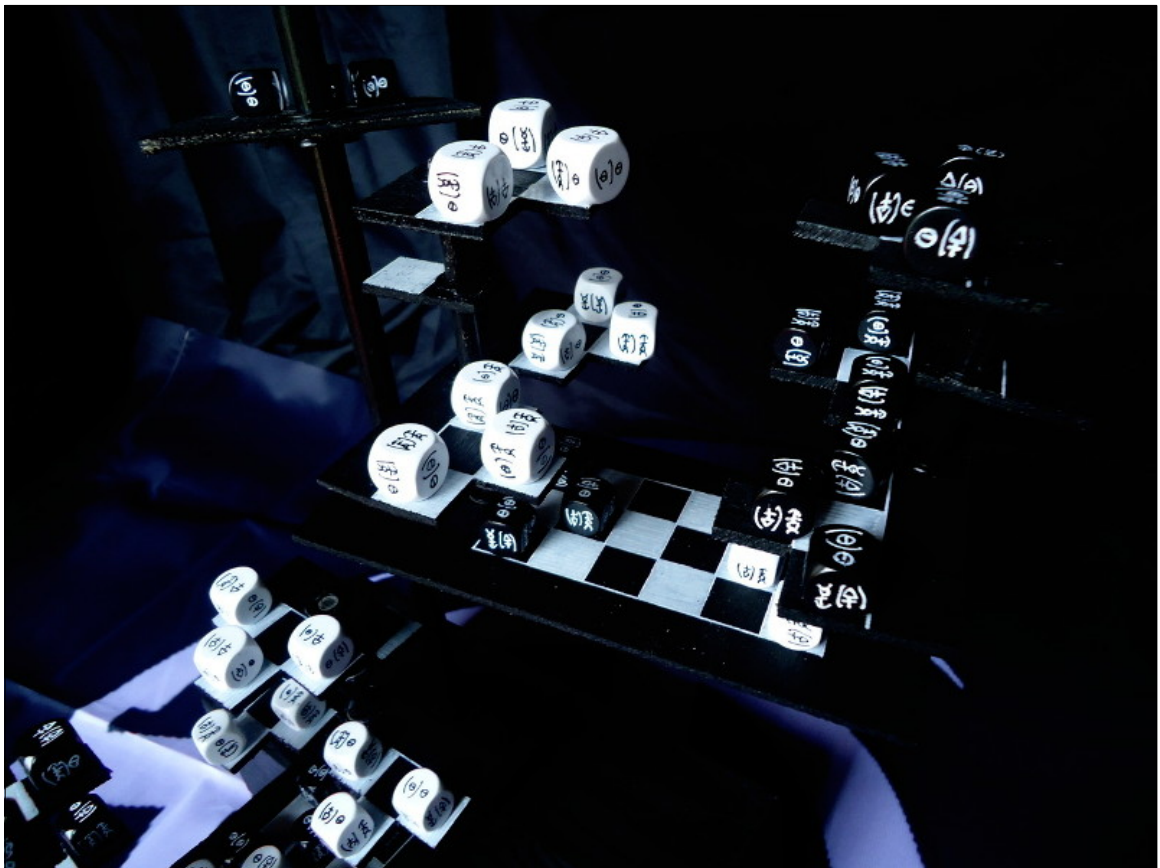
Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

The Esoteric Star Game – Hyle

One of the esoteric aims with which ONA insists so much and one of the workings suited to our century and beyond, is the Star Game. This is available in three forms. The Simple one appeared for the first time in the *Book of Wyrd* (1984 ev) which consists of one board with four levels (18 pieces and 38 squares), the Septenary (or training) form formed by seven boards with one level (54 pieces and 126 squares) and the Advanced form which represents the full version as it re-presents the Septenary System in its entirety, formed by seven boards of four levels each (90 pieces and 308 squares, with other different series of additional pieces). Both the Septenary and Advanced form are described in *Naos* (1989 ev).

The Star Game is a complete way of working with the three forms of magick as described by ONA (*Internal, External and Aeonic*). Internal Magick via the development of acausal-thinking, which changes the individual from within; External Magick by the representation of the individual's psyche that one wants to affect as a result of the setting of particular pieces of the Game on some boards and the way the pieces move; Aeonic Magick through the representation of the Aeon/existing civilization as a result of the setting of particular pieces of the Game on some boards and alteration of Aeon/civilization through specific movements of the pieces. In any case, the main goal of the Game, or rather of its Advanced form (*aka Esoteric*) is the development of acausal-thinking. The construction of the Advanced form of the Game requires the development or refinement of specific practical and manual skills, often the prerogative of a craftsman. In order to produce affective results, aimed at changing the player (*the Initiate*) and so that it gives insight, the ability to think in symbols and “to see” the connections between things, the Star Game must be used on a regular basis for many years, both solo and with a partner (*as well as other esoteric techniques, as the esoteric Chant*).





An important element of the Game is the interaction that takes place through the acausal-thinking between the player (*the alchemist*) and alchemical substances (*salt, mercury, sulphur*) symbolized by pieces of the Game in their tripartite form; pieces that, in addition to possessing a meaning conferred before the Game begins (*for example, psychological types, stages of civilization: Spring, Summer, Imperium, etc.*), are a re-presentation of the nine angles and therefore a gate, a nexion to the acausal.

Each board of the Advanced form by its nature is a small Tree of Wyrld, and the levels of each board the ☉, ☿, ♀ aspects. So we will have the level 1 that represents ☉, the levels 2a/2b ☿ and the level 3 ♀. The movement of the pieces below or above the levels as the acausal or “alchemical” time of Change. Then one will see that every septenary Sphere which by its nature is tripartite (*qv. Naos*), as well as its archetype(s), can thus be represented by the appropriate board of the Game (*e.g. for the Mercury Sphere: Arcturus, the archetype Loki/Hermes, evolution of the archetype: The Fool, The Change, The Tower; forces/energies: Ga Wath Am, Nekalah, Abatu, etc.*).

During a magickal use of the Game (*when one wants to work with it for External or Aeonick magick*) and when one plays solo or with players who belong to the same tradition (*in this case usually the goal of the working is the same*), it is appropriate to apply a rule to avoid conscious or unconscious elements to influence the outcome of the game/working. This rule is applied before starting the game/working and it consists to pick up with closed eyes from the bag that contains some white and black pieces, one piece in turns between the players. The colour of the caught piece indicates which colour each player will have to play (*if the players have caught the same colour then the procedure is repeated*). The intent of the working is written on a piece of paper/parchment, while on another piece of paper/parchment is written the opposite intent; for example “aiding the forces of the Imperium” and “countering the forces of the Imperium”. These pieces of paper/parchment are turned upside down and mixed. After having picked up again in turn from bag, if the colour of both caught pieces is different (*so a white piece and the other black*), the player who gets the piece of the same colour that starts the game put it on one of the pieces of paper/parchment upside down, if instead the colour of the caught pieces is the same the procedure repeats. The other player places their piece on the remaining piece of paper/parchment. The game then begins. In this way each player will strive with the same emphasis to achieve the aim that will be revealed only after the game will be won by one of the players. It thus will be seen that a game can also lead to counteract the outcome of the working. This random/unconscious element (*qv. Abyss*) favours by far the “numinosity” of the working.

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

Physical Training

The physical ordeals of Seven-Fold Way require a hard training, overcoming one's physical and mental limits and tempering one's character. Follows a brief summary of a part of a training which I undergone, with the goal of reaching our standards of excellence, which are:

(for men) (a) walking 32 miles. in hilly terrain, in under 7 hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs. (b) running 26 miles in 4 hours; (c) cycling 200 or more miles in 12 hours; (for women) the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking 27 miles in under 7 hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running 26 miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling 170 miles in 12 hours.

16/09/125 yf

I work all day, it's hot outside. First training session at 4:00 pm.
First km/4min, then the other in about 6 minutes. **5km/27min**.
Still too hot. The shoes do their job.

18/09/125 yf

Breakfast, I work and then go. Beginning at 11:00 am.
On average 1km/5min. 5km/28min. **7km/40min**.
From the 6th km I can hear thunders approaching. From the 7th km it starts raining and it is cooler.
I try running without going to the steep slope. The shoes do their job.

19/09/125 yf

I get up early to attend to some business matters. Beginning at 11:30 am.
5km/28min, 9km/52min, **10km/63min**.
I made the last kilometre walking. It was cloudy. Then the Sun came out and without wind the heat was unbearable. I have to run first. I think it's impossible to run continuously without a break.

23/09/125 yf (Autumn Equinox)

No work concerns today. I eat breakfast and drink a lot. Beginning at 11:30 am. 5km/28min, 10km/60min, 12km/72min, **13km/84min**.
I walk for the last kilometre. I don't even feel the first 5kms, but from the 7th km I start feeling them. When there is the Sun it's hot. Anyway it's better. I try to focus on the goal but not obsessively. I try to distract myself even thinking about something else.

25/09/125 yf

Usual breakfast. Work. Beginning at 11:30 am. 5min stretching at home before going. 5km/28min, **10km/57min**. Then I make 5 repetitions of 100 meters in full speed.

The sky is clouded, the air is cool. Then rain comes. I am completely drenched and think the next time I should cover myself. I don't feel fatigue.

26/09/125 yf

Usual breakfast. 5min stretching at home before leaving. Beginning at 11:00 am.

There is the Sun, the air is cool. 5km/28min, **10km/58min**. Then I decided to run the half marathon. By the 13th kilometre onward I start feeling the fatigue, the legs are heavy. At the 19th km I have to drink, I stop for about one minute and drink while walking/running. At the 20th km I drink water and wash my head. I feel hunger bites and got pins and needles in my hands. I run the last kilometre. **21km/2h14'**. I got a few blisters on my thigh and a bit of pain at a finger of right leg. A few hours later the half marathon I walk with my body aching everywhere and feeling weak and tired.

30/09/125 yf

I go running at 6:30 pm.

The Sun is setting, the air is cool, there are more people than the morning. 5km/28min, **10km/59min**, then I speed up for the next three laps, 13km/1h14', **15km/1h26'**. 10km are gone without problems, from 14th/15th I start to feel the thirst and hunger. When I finish it is completely dark.

07/10/125 yf

It is a week that I do not run. I go running at 11:30 am.

I forget the watch. It's sunny and hot. I do a bit of effort and have pain in my feet. **10km/1h**, then 5 repetitions of 100 meters in full speed.

09/10/125 yf

I work all day and go running at 6:30 pm.

I forget the watch again. The Sun has just set. I run 10 km, all right, after 10 km I begin to feel hungry. **15km/1h30'**. There is a huge Moon. I have hardly seen one that big. It slowly rises on the horizon. An old man in the dark stares at it.

16/10/125 yf

Tired. I go running at 5:45 pm.

The Sun is setting. I feel a bit dazed. I was planning to run the half marathon but I decide to run ten kilometres. But in the end I decided to run what I can. Sometimes I think I can run the whole

marathon, sometimes not. When I don't for results everything goes better, I am more relaxed. By the 18th kilometre my legs are stiff like concrete and I have a bit of pain in the stomach. At the end of the 23rd km I stop five minutes to drink and eat a bar. Starting again is painful. I feel all the pain in the joints. I can do another 2 laps but I'm exhausted. 5km/27min, 10km/56min, 15km/1h27', **21km/2h7'**, 23km/2h21', **25km/2h43'**.

[...]

Nupus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

A Bridge Between Sky and Earth



*“To open a Star Gate and return the Dark Gods,
a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz should be obtained.
This crystal should be as large as possible [...]”*

Primal Atavisms – We invoke You
Devourer of Words – We invoke You
Endless Abysses – We invoke You

Nythra, Kthunae, Atazoth – We Invoke You

Through She who is a Gate to Their world
She who washes in the Blood of Her foes
With the Blood of the Mundane – We invoke You
The Angles are Nine and Two are the Tetrahedrons
From Double Pelican behold Azoth

You who are Never Named – We invoke You!

Effluvia of Life and Death
Agios o Nekalah

Secuntra Nexion, ONA

Ad Lucifer – Second Degree Initiation

We arrive at *Secuntra*, the Sun has already gone down.

We reach the top of that mountain. It is very cold and the circle formed by seven stones seems to have been partly undone; a stone was moved, probably by some grazing animal that occasionally reaches that peak or by some wild horses. Three cows are near and impassively watching us. The sky begins to be slowly filled with stars. The Milky Way is above us in its magnificence.

After we placed the stone again and dug a small hole in the ground at the centre of the stone circle, we undress remaining completely naked. It's cold!

The Priestess stands in the centre of the circle holding on palm of her hands the quartz tetrahedron and begins to chant "*Ad Lucifer qui Laetificat Juventutem Meam*".

At the end of the chant I see into the sky four falling stars one after another in succession. I smile.

Once the Priestess has completed the sevenfold chant I put my hands on the crystal chanting three other times the same chant. The Priestess lies down on the ground with her head turned to the North. I awake her with my tongue. She shivers and moans because of the cold. I go up on her trying to warm her with the heat of my body and the union begins.

We visualize a black hole that appears in the sky and from which flows toward us a light energy that surrounds us. It's cold and the Priestess moans from a mixture of pain and pleasure. After several minutes she visualizes an energy that is drawn inside the crystal. Climax!

Long breaths for tasting that moment, that air and that strange silence.

We kneel and the Priestess buries the crystal at the centre of the stone circle. I cover it with earth and together we chant above it "*Aperiatur Terra et Germinet Lucifer*".

We get up and we leave the circle.

Before leaving we perceive and visualize light energy that wraps the top of the mountain; that energy is then drawn into the crystal buried under the cold earth.

Agios Lucifer

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
13th August 118 yf, New Moon

Grade Ritual of External Adept

An Italian Experience

20th/21st August 120 yf – New Moon, Secuntra

The longest and coldest night in my whole life!

Another change in my life is coming. I'm nervous, not for the success of the ritual but for the expectation I have of it, as it was in the Initiation Rite.

About two hours by car and I come with the Sun still up in the sky in the place with which I have now developed a symbiotic relationship.

I change my clothes, dressing entirely in black and carrying with me only my tetrahedron and my Sacrificial Knife.

I walk slowly towards the peak, and in the distance I hear the bells of a herd of animals.

As usual, the top of the mountain is a wonderful sight.

Two horses, one brown and one black with a white spot on his face, graze to the West, while to the East a cow in the distance lost its way back. I control the area's perimeter and then I wait till the Sun sets.

I put myself in the stone circle, the tetrahedron on palms of my hands, invoking my will to have success, and I dedicate it to myself and to my Gods. "*Or External Adept or Death!*".

I chant Diabolus and at the end of the chant, looking West, I see three black horses running, like the materialization of a vision.

I lie down on the ground with my head to the East and begin the Rite.

With the tetrahedron in my right hand and the Sacrificial knife in my left pointing my leg, I observe the sky still without stars.

I recall the beginning of my Way, what turned my life upside down in the quest for the Sinister realization. Already after twenty minutes it gets cold. My equipment is barely adequate.

The first stars appear in the sky and my thoughts go back to the past, to my Neophyte experiences; Meanwhile, the cold increases and thousands stars are fixed in the black sky.

Black Horses around me stare at me, coming closer, interested; in the beginning they annoy me; one of these also touches my feet with its snout. Anyway, later I will invoke their presence. I breath deeply making noise to let me hear so that they move.

I feel rage because I think that some shepherds can interrupt the Rite.
There is the awareness to always keep the anger inside me like a weapon ready to explode.

Involuntary spasms are shaking my body. Everything is cold!
The stage of Initiate, my lonely experience, my connection to these places.

I see stars moving in a non-linear trajectory. It is real!
Like energy spheres that dance in the sky, like lights on a black pond.
I close my eyes and open them again. An abyss in front of me. Who knows whether in the Cosmos
distance someone gazes at me as I gaze at them.

Some falling stars in the sky frame a bright and luminous Milky Way.

I meditate on the Second Degree Initiation and my relationship with my partner. Like staring at a
star prevents you from seeing everything around, so it was for me with my personal Star.

Freezing cold – my body is in a complete pain! Stabs in the abdomen and my back seems to break.
But I try not to move. The fear of falling asleep vanishes because of the low temperature.

I reflect on my Insight Role just finished and what is waiting for me when I will come back from
this mountain with the knowledge of External Adept.

I turn my attention to the stars.

Bats hovering over me – a fox or a similar animal moved close to me like a shadowy figure in the
night. It looks like a demon who runs fierce, it amuses me! The horses' neigh and their breath soon
become a pleasant distraction. A horse in front of me looks like a werewolf ready to devour me.

Stars move slowly across the sky, and time seems not to pass. Some airplanes cross the sky with a
frequency of one hour, one after the other (*or at least I think so*). Meanwhile, I become impatient
because of the pain and never-ending cold. The beauty of the stars is becoming a nightmare with
open eyes.

I think to give up saying to myself that the rite would have success anyway; but I meditate on the
meaning of self-honesty, that the rite is now and must succeed, as I said at the beginning
"Or External Adept or Death!"

Sometimes a horse puts itself in front of me and stares at me.
What comfort from the wind blowing on the mountain top.

I think about my family and there is a sense of sadness.

I feel like vomiting and delirious because of pain, but I try to concentrate in order to see sunrise.
What seems to be a star slowly appears from South behind the crown of a tree and moves slowly up
to set. It's Jupiter before the Capricorn constellation. The Milky Way has moved from its initial
position as the stars. Ursa Major has disappeared from my view towards North. Behind me the
Pleiades shine and near them should pulsate Algol.

I close my eyes, counting till 3600. An insect slams on my face and I generate an involuntary
movement. I see a toddler, with purplish skin and monstrous eyes.

Some mosquitoes rest on my face. Other 3600 seconds.

Jupiter sets and the Sun's light overshadows the thousands of stars over me until they disappear completely. The mountain top is completely visible. Two cows sleeping to the West far from the stone circle and two more distant horses graze.

I use about fifteen minutes to restore the circulation in my body.

I feel like it doesn't belong to me any more. It will ache for a few days to come.

A peak has been climbed, but others stand out in the sky ready to be reached. A peak climbed, and a path to another even higher one begins.

Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
20th/21st August 120 yf

The Black Pilgrimage – An Italian Experience

(Exoteric)

Premise

I am going to do the secret ordeal of the Black Pilgrimage, a task that sees the Sinister Initiate to travel alone, with the least possible equipment (*only a sleeping bag, no tent*) and with the minimum amount of food (*2 sandwiches and 3 bars, my rations*) about 50 km of lands linked to the Sinister Tradition (*for the Italian route*) during the period of the Autumn Equinox, in 2 days.

The Temple's contact gave me a map with the route to walk.
Using only a compass, no other means of navigation. No torch.

The ordeal is a kind of second initiation, which has no obvious symbolism (*like in hermetic or ceremonial rituals*) but which inextricably binds the Initiate to the places of Tradition (*and hence the energy/Dark Gods associated*) and the Tradition itself. A very powerful alchemical ritual.

I perform the ordeal at the end of that Earth season called Summer that brings the beginning of Autumn.

Day I

The Sun rises.
I wear a silver medallion with the symbol of my Nexion.
I begin. I chant *Diabolus*.

I have a sense of pressure and anxiety about the ordeal just undertaken.
A large rock, a small valley with a small stream which descends from the mountain.
I check the map and see that I have to go even further.

The trees cover the sky.

I walk. The awareness of the mundaneness of the ritual done indoor arises, in the safety of concrete walls, nothing compared to an ordeal like that. The futility of theories and speculations. Immerse yourself in a first-hand experience – it is only from here that one learns.

The forest is dark, shadowy.

I recognize some edible mushrooms. Walking.

On my way an old lady with a hand-woven wicker wooden basket and a child at her side. I cordially greet her, she replies with a smile. She asks me if I had seen some mushroom. Smiling, I tell her of those I recognized before. What a strange coincidence, or maybe not. Further another old lady waits sitting on a rock. I also greet her and she replies. I'm aware of an ancient sense of respect that still lives with mountain people and in small rural villages.

I keep walking. I have the feeling that I got lost, the 5 km towards a crossroads have become 10...

A different “*time*” is what I’m sensing here. It seems that I’m always walking.

Days, months, years, they don’t exist here.

I got lost. Now I’m walking for hours in the dense forest – it is wet and the Sun is stopped by trees.

I cross several paths.

A bit of discouragement comes over me, but I decide to continue and move forward.

Meanwhile I chant several times *Agios o Lucifer*.

I invoke Lucifer, calling him to my consciousness and asking him to show me the way.

After some time I cross a small stream... Maybe...

I keep walking and bump into the same stream that now has grown into a river.

Unexpectedly I see among the trees a small gravestone, a boy of 21 years old seems to have died here, apparently murdered.

Magickally I leave that dark and shady forest to get in a sunny and green valley cut through by the river.

I exult. I am at [omissis]. Agios o Satanas!

My Wyrd wanted I got here, not on the highest mountain top, but here.

I sit under a tree in front of the stream and meditate on the card *VII – Azoth* of *The Sinister Tarot*. I vibrate *Agios o Satanas*. I feel a presence, something comes up from the water – I feel a heat rising around me. A tu falls pushed by the wind, it pulsates and dissolves in the vibration.

I eat half of one of two sandwiches brought with me, then resume my march.

A flock of magpies crackles near a large boulder near the stream.

In the distance threatening clouds, cumulonimbus and thunders.

I think to the difficulty of ordeal of the Ritual of Internal Adept, how much fortitude is required to overcome it and to survive it, both physically and mentally.

I sit down to meditate, staring at the sky and passing clouds. A sense of anguish comes over me, unconscious factors emerge – I think [omissis], about what once was and about how fast and inexorable time passes.

I stare at the distant forest, I am so small before the vastness. My eyes are filled with tears.



I resume moving. After several large ponds covered with lush green grass I reach a small paved road that I follow for a while. After a while I hear a car approaching with sirens screaming. It stops close to me. It is the Forest Ranger who tells me that in the area a 70 years old man has got lost and asked me if I had seen him. I say no and move on.

I leave the road and go back to the forest.

I chant *Sanctus Satanas*. Awareness comes from silence.

I'm at the foot of Secuntra (*maybe*), but first I reach the Azanigin glade. I shout *Agios o Azanigin*. I stop not far from there and look at the Sun behind the trees and meditate on existence. I'm tired and have to close my eyes for a while.

I meditate on the card *I – The Magickian* of *The Sinister Tarot*, chanting different chants. The man becomes a woman, my partner.

The day seems to have no end. You have to keep your mind busy. I carve my wooden stick.

It's raining.

I reach Azanigin and chant *Agios o Baphomet*.

While waiting I build a shelter for the rain. I cannot sleep on Secuntra because of the lightnings.

The twilight. The darkness.



I climb reaching the top of the mountain known as Secuntra. I shout *Nythra Kthunae Atazoth*. The clouds fully surround the top. The atmosphere is sinister. A strong cold wind. There is a semblance of a stone circle, but it seems to be undone. According to legend this is the place where every seventeen years a sinister ritual known as *The Ceremony of Recalling* would be celebrated, in which an offer would be sacrificed in honour of the Dark Goddess Baphomet.

I turn my face to Saturn. I perform the Rite of Nine Angles. Arcturus appears, the quartz tetrahedron emits powerful rays of light. Darkness embraces me. A shy Moon appears to the East behind the clouds.

I sleep.

I wake up because of the noise in the woods, black boars are all around me. I make them run away with noise. I wake up several times. It's cold.

The Moon in front of me is full and it slowly moves out of the scene.

I dream of a woman with red lips and long black hair; a shore next to a dark sea.
Communion with the Dark Goddess.

Day II

Dawn, it's cold. There is a strong northern wind and the sky is covered by clouds.
I perform the *Black Mass of Life* on Secuntra. A Sinister Blessing in the direction of the circle.

I sit a bit to meditate, then eat one of the last bars and continue to the way back.

I walk between the road and the wood. I meet no one except a shepherd and a man looking for mushrooms. I chant several chants of Tradition while walking.

I come back to the valley with the river. It's beautiful! Never seen anything like it. There is a sense of isolation and *sinister numinosity*. Next to a sort of stone circle, I shout *Agios o Shaitan* with my eyes closed. I see a black hole that swirls, this absorbs all the energy around. Everything comes back to the centre.

I keep walking, it seems that I have never done anything in my life.
Time is different here, or maybe I am experiencing a different “time” (*acausal?*).
Cold wind. I don't think I have ever walked so much alone.

What I understood is that in order to achieve bigger goals, you have to start with small ones and keep your mind busy for avoiding negative thoughts. One has to wipe out the negative thoughts with an act of will.

It is almost midday and I arrive to the parking place. *Agios o Satanas!*

I'm happy, tired and a little sore.
To some, this ordeal may be a hell and for me it was, in certain moments.
And it is as it should be. But I passed the test and survived.

I'm also a bit sad, because of the obtained knowledge and unconscious factors arose – and again, this is as it should be. *Pathei-mathos*.

I have always walked at a fast pace for fear of not arriving in time, instead I could spend more time meditating in established places.

I don't think I have changed instantly, but something of these places has planted their seed inside myself and in turn I left something of myself there.

The alchemical change is a slow process, it has always been and always will.

Aware that very few have had the honour to experience the ordeal in these places – and that my trial, my energies, are now connected to their own. Empathy and Tradition. Now I return to the mundaneness of the present, but as with all the ordeals undertaken, once back, you are no longer the same.

Esoteric Notes – The Somnium Scipionis and The Septenary System

A very important text that sheds light on the septenary nature of Western esotericism and the Septenary System used by ONA in its Seven-Fold Way, is the *Somnium Scipionis* (dated 54 BC), from Liber VI (9-29) of the *De Re Publica* by Marcus Tullius Cicero. Already mentioned by Mr. David Myatt in his essay *Mercvrii Trismegisti Pymander: A Translation and Commentary* – although probably underestimated or completely unknown from the so-called Western occultists.

In paragraph 17 of this text there is the description of an emanation through the different constitutive levels of the cosmos. This emanation occurs through nine spheres (*novem globis*), from the highest of the heaven of the Fixed Stars (*globus caelestis*), through the seven planetary spheres all connected to each other (*conexa sunt omnia*) in the following order: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury, Moon, until reaching the lower sphere (*Earth*). So, beyond the traditional seven planetary spheres (*from Saturn to Moon or from Moon to Saturn*) we have other 2 spheres, one lower, sub-lunar and non-participant in the divine nature, the Earth, and one higher, the heaven of the Fixed Stars, representing the god themselves (*summus ipse deus*).

“[...] And as I gazed upon it more intently, Africanus said: “How long will your mind be chained to the Earth? (17) Do you see into what temples you have come? Lo’! the whole universe is linked together in nine rings or rather spheres; only one of which is of heavenly nature, the outermost of all, which embraces all the other spheres, the same supreme god, which keeps in and holds together all the others. In this sphere is the eternal immutable orbit of the stars, which are subject the seven spheres which turn backwards with a counter revolution to the heavens. Of these spheres one is occupied by the planet, which on earth is called Saturn. So it is that bright star, auspicious and benevolent to mankind, which is known as Jupiter; then in those glowing and sinister glare for the earth, there is that one you call Mars; lower, then the Sun which is ruler, and sovereign of the other heavenly bodies, the mind and ordering spirit of the universe, of such magnitude that he illumines the whole and fills it with his light. Followed by Venus and Mercury, each with its own course; and in the lowest orbit of all the Moon inflamed by the Sun's rays. Now below these there is nothing more but what is mortal and transient except those souls donated by the gods to the human race; above the Moon all is eternal. As for the Earth, the ninth and central sphere, it does not move and remains below, and towards it all heavy bodies tend by a strength that is their own.” [1]

In different parts of the *Somnium* there is a reminder, a propensity, to ascend into the higher realms of the cosmos, the heaven of the Fixed Stars (*summus ipse deus, the same supreme god, ndt*), to achieve immortality of that not causal individual's aspect, in that historical period called *animus*. If an individual lived in a certain way, according to Cicero, performing acts for the Republic, which included living by nurturing *virtus* [2], *pietas* [3], honour and often a warrior/heroic ethos, they would certainly gain the immortality by ascending the nine spheres, from the lowest, the Earth, through the seven planetary spheres, until reaching the immortal realm of the Milky Way, in the highest sphere of heaven of the Fixed Stars.

“[...] to all those who have saved, helped, increased the fatherland, it is given in heaven a well-defined location, where they can enjoy the beatitude of eternal life; In fact, at that supreme god [...] their rulers [*of the civitates, ndt*] and preservers, came from there, and there they return.” [4]

“[...] But you, Scipio, such as your grandfather and me that I have begotten you, you follow justice and *pietas* [...] this life is the way to heaven, and to multitude of those who have ceased to live and freed from the weight of the body dwell in that place that you see – there was a circle that gleamed in the flames of dazzling brilliance – that you, as you have learned from the Greeks, called the Milky Way.” [5]

“[...] the law by which men are in the world is to preserve the globe that you see at the centre of this temple and which is called Earth, and to them it is assigned a soul which originates from those eternal fires which you refer to as constellations and stars.” [6]

“[...] aren’t you to be mortal, but your body; In fact, you’re not what your appearance shows, since each of us has their own soul, not the figure that one can point with their finger. Then know that you are a god, if it is true that god is a source of energy, emotion, memory, foresight, that both governs and guides and moves the body to which it is responsible, as the supreme god of this world does; and how the god themselves moves the mortal world in some part, so the immortal soul moves our fragile body.” [7]

“[...] But possessing *virtus* as an art is not enough, unless you treat it; if an art, even when you’re not exercising it, it can be possessed by itself as theoretical knowledge, the *virtus* is all in the use of itself.” [8]

“[...] *virtus* almost demands the honour, and nothing but the honour is reward to *virtus*.” [9]

Anyone with an even basic knowledge of ONA esotericism would understand that there is a clear link between it and the Septenary nature of the *Somnium Scipionis*: the seven spheres/planetary globes of the *Somnium* as the seven spheres of the ONA’s Tree of Wyrd [10], and the other two spheres of the *Somnium*, the lower sphere of the Earth and the higher sphere of heaven of the Fixed Stars respectively, like the two gates/nexions represented within ONA tradition by the Abyss and by the Tree of Wyrd itself in its totality – or as represented by the causal and acausal (*in this case the seven spheres/globes are a bridge between the two states of being, between the two nature of the existence, the Terrestrial causal and the Spiritual acausal of heaven of the Fixed Stars*). These nine emanations as 7 plus 2 make up the nine angles.

Using ONA terminology, so acausal instead of *deus* in *Somnium*, one can further appreciate this connection, “of which one [sphere] is heavenly nature, the most distant, which includes all the remaining, the same *acausal* that it retains and includes in itself all others.”.

For more details on the antecedents of the Seven-Fold Way see the collection of texts ἀρρενόθηλος – *Alchemical And Hermetic Antecedents Of The Seven Fold Way of The Order of Nine Angles*.



(Macrobius Ambrosius Theodosius, *Commentarii in Somnium Scipionis*, Diagramma folio 126)

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

Notes:

[1] Translation from Latin of paragraph 17 of the *Somnium Scipionis* by Azanya, Secuntra Nexion, ONA.

“(17) Quam cum magis intuerer: 'Quaeso,' inquit Africanus, 'quousque humi defixa tua mens erit? Nonne aspicias, quae in templa veneris? Novem tibi orbibus vel potius globis conexa sunt omnia, quorum unus est caelestis, extimus, qui reliquos omnes complectitur, summus ipse deus arcens et continens ceteros; in quo sunt infixi illi, qui volvuntur, stellarum cursus sempiterni. Cui subiecti sunt septem, qui versantur retro contrario motu atque caelum. Ex quibus summum globum possidet illa, quam in terris Saturniam nominant. Deinde est hominum generi prosperus et salutaris ille fulgor, qui dicitur Iovis; tum rutilus horribilisque terris, quem Martium dicitis; deinde subter mediam fere regionem Sol obtinet, dux et princeps et moderator luminum reliquorum, mens mundi et temperatio, tanta magnitudine, ut cuncta sua luce lustret et compleat. Hunc ut comites consequuntur Veneris alter, alter Mercurii cursus, in infimoque orbe Luna radiis solis accensa convertitur. Infra autem iam nihil est nisi mortale et caducum praeter animos munere deorum hominum generi datos; supra Lunam sunt aeterna omnia. Nam ea, quae est media et nona, Tellus, neque movetur et infima est, et in eam feruntur omnia nutu suo pondera.”

[2] From Italian Dictionary Treccani Ed. 2015:

virtue (*ant. virtude or virtute, and even virtù, vertude or vertute*) s.f. [Lat. *virtus-ūtis* «strength, courage», der. of *vir* «man»; the modern meaning is primarily due to Christian lat.]. –

1.

- a. Natural disposition to shun evil and to do good, pursued as an end itself, without taking into account any reward or punishment; [...]
- b. According to the object to which they are addressed at, it can be distinguished among various virtues, that is, various attitudes of mind naturally inclined to good; [...]
- c. In literature, with a meaning closer to the one of lat. *virtus*, to indicate the conscious and persevering strength with which the individual works to achieve a goal, resisting to fortune's adversities; with particular reference to military value;

2. Ant. or literal, Faculty, capacity, power, especially with regard to individual mental and intellectual faculties: *visual, auditory* v.; the reason; the will;

3.

- a. With a meaning closer to the word ἀρετή among the Greeks, ability to perform a particular work or task, ability to achieve a given purpose;
- b. The work, the will of God: *divine* v.; *the first* v., God;

[3] From Italian Dictionary Treccani Ed. 2015:

piety s. f. (*ant. pietate, pietade*) [lat. *piētas -atis* (der. of *pīus* «pious, pitiful»)]. –

1.

- a. Feeling of affectionate pain, emotional and intense participation and solidarity that one feels towards those who suffer;
- b. Disposition to feel solidarity with those who suffer: *trust another's p* .; *a person full of p* .;

2.

a. In the language of literature, closer to the original meaning of the lat. *pietas*, disposition to feel affection and devotion to parents, fatherland, God, and to act accordingly; or, more generally, reverence for what is considered sacred: the *Enea's p.* (qv. *pietas*); *son p.*; *p. towards the homeland*; *p. for memories, for domestic traditions*. In partic., in moral theology, virtue, considered part of justice, for which one pays the proper and appropriate respect and due reverence to blood relatives, to fellow citizens and neighbors in general.

[4] M.T. Cicero, *De Re Publica*, Liber VI, 13; (translation from *De re publica* librorum sex quae manserunt, ed. Konrat Ziegler, 7^o ed. Leipzig: Teubner, 1969)

[5] M.T. Cicero, *De Re Publica*, Liber VI, 16; (translation from *De re publica* librorum sex quae manserunt, ed. Konrat Ziegler, 7^o ed. Leipzig: Teubner, 1969)

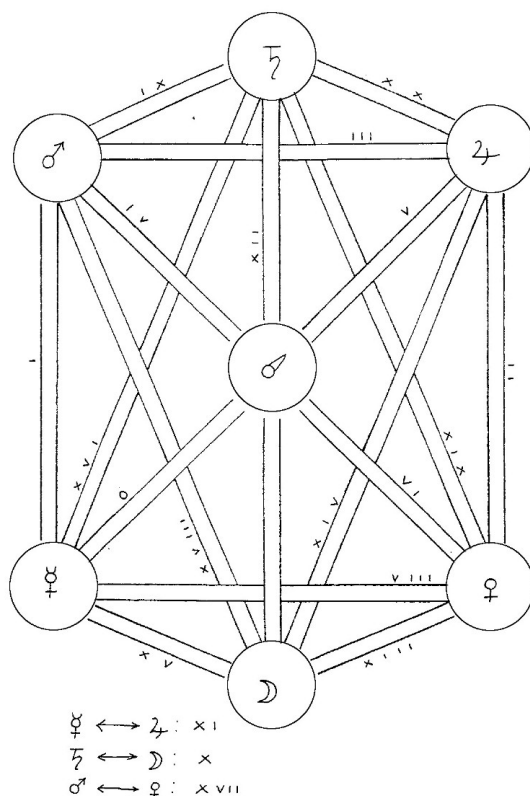
[6] M.T. Cicero, *De Re Publica*, Liber VI, 15; (translation from *De re publica* librorum sex quae manserunt, ed. Konrat Ziegler, 7^o ed. Leipzig: Teubner, 1969)

[7] M.T. Cicero, *De Re Publica*, Liber VI, 26; (translation from *De re publica* librorum sex quae manserunt, ed. Konrat Ziegler, 7^o ed. Leipzig: Teubner, 1969)

[8] M.T. Cicero, *De Re Publica*, Liber I, 2; (translation from *De re publica* librorum sex quae manserunt, ed. Konrat Ziegler, 7^o ed. Leipzig: Teubner, 1969)

[9] M.T. Cicero, *De Re Publica*, Liber III, 40; (translation from *De re publica* librorum sex quae manserunt, ed. Konrat Ziegler, 7^o ed. Leipzig: Teubner, 1969)

[10] ONA, Tree of Wyrd:



Empathic Awareness

One of the most important aims of the Seven-Fold Way (*perhaps the most important*) is to develop acausal/dark empathy that distinguishes the genuine Adept (*Internal*) from the Novice and not-Initiate. This empathy can be developed, in part, by using our Dark Sorcery and the workings/techniques related (*qv. Dark Pathways and Sphereworkings, individually and with your partner*), but more in particular can be developed (*and often can be only in this way*) by a certain way of life that requires isolation (*living the role of the Hermit*) and a certain natural/numinous place in which to live, away from any human interference.

In this sense, as Nexion, we believe appropriate the development of such empathic awareness for our associates as a prelude to the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, to whom we propose during their novitiate a simple although ordealic task.

Living alone and isolated for a period of 7 days in a natural area, experiencing some sinister-numinous energies. A place where some energies are alive and nurtured at regular intervals by the Tradition's Initiates. This site, in fact, represents the Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition in our country.

The Task

Equipment

Sleeping bag, mat (*optional*), food rations, water, poncho, quartz tetrahedron. No tent, no light, no gps device.

Duration

The first two days are dedicated to the ordeal of the *Black Pilgrimage*, where the Initiate walks a distance of about 50 km within the natural places linked to the Tradition, only with a map and a compass. During the two days, meditations at special points must be performed and at the twilight of the second day the solo Rite of the Nine Angles must be performed on the top of a mountain of esoteric importance [*qv. Black Pilgrimage – An Italian Experience*]. From the third day onwards, the aim is to live in nature doing some meditations with the Sinister Tarot, performing some Dark Pathways, The Black Mass of Life, doing practice with the Esoteric Chant, etc. holding a small diary to objectify the energies experienced. But the most important practice of all is that of *silent thinking* in contemplation (*acausal-thinking*). This ordeal, as you can guess, is a prelude to the ordeal of the Internal Adept where the Initiate lives alone and isolated without any comfort for the duration of 3 months.

An esoteric aspect of this task is the direct contact with *The Earth* and *The Heavens* without any abstraction, symbolic or not – a chance to experience or perceive acausally the meaning of *nexion*.

Following this text there is a detailed account of an Initiate who has undergone the ordeal of *Empathic Awareness*, starting from his native country to reach Italy and more particularly that isolated rural area that represents the Sinister Tradition in this country.

The account will show the difficulty of this task, a difficulty which often results in a matter of life or death and that pushes the Initiate to experience their limits (*physical and mental*) – bringing, at times, to the manifestation of hidden sides of the character.

Another aspect that will be appreciated is the passage of *esoteric* informations through the direct meeting, in person, face to face, between individuals who live (*and die*) by the ONA/O9A Logos enshrined as it is in the Code of Kindred Honour.

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
125 yf

Black Pilgrimage – And Other Tribulations

(Genova, 24th August)

I got off the bus late yesterday night. Which is not so bad. It is now 7:20 am, the train is at 9:49 pm. More than fourteen hours of waiting. The first objective will be to find the train station which will give me the opportunity to try walking with this terrible bag. One week of food, makes it heavy. During the night I had some strange dreams, not interesting at all, but I think I got good rest. At the train station, I look for a left luggage to be free from this bag and discover the city. I will take this time to practise chanting as well.

I am glad to be here, but not relaxed. I made a list of specific goals, the success of which will bring me to succeed the trial of this pilgrimage. Moreover, this way will allow me to stay positive even in a hostile or unfriendly situation.



I find the train station and leave my luggage. I will wait 9:00 am to give my bag, and I will come back at 7:30 pm. This bag is heavy for sure, but I think I can still do it. Eating the food will give to my body a warm feeling, but also make the bag lighter. Things can just get better with time. I have still doubts about finding water and hypothermia. However it's something I shouldn't be concerned about now. This night I will have a seat, or better, a berth. And already tomorrow morning I will start eating my combat rations. For now, the plan is waiting and visiting, I have 10 hours before the train leaves.

I start walking around, many political messages on the walls. But also quite a lot of poetry. I quickly see a nazarene mass and try to interfere with these energies. I think I will go to the old harbour now and stay there for some time. It is only 10:00 am.

12:30 am I eat and see things, there is still six hours of waiting. I will probably continue walking a little more. I feel the spleen. I shouldn't give up. These are the most important moments, I need to hold my goal in the head.



2:30 pm still in the train station, I wait. I don't particularly want to go to see the city, my future tasks make me anxious. I will be anxious until I begin. I want that time goes faster... I think I should go for a walk. I can't stand all these hours, doing nothing than torturing myself with thoughts.

I don't really feel good. My emotions, the stress... However I am not alone, it is also for my children, my brothers and sisters that I am here. How can I become a human being if I give up? No. This will be hard for sure, but everything will be all right, because it is not only about myself. I want to make something good, I want to make things go in the right way, and help as much as possible. But to help the world, I need to help myself first. Negative thoughts can become a sickness. Don't forget the little smiling girl, running freely inside the church.

(On the train, 25th August)



Finally, after fourteen hours of waiting, the train arrived. I had a berth, small, but still a berth. It was the first time I slept inside a train and this was quite good. Today the pilgrimage begins. I should first buy a map, then find a bus, eat and meet the Order's contact. Things will come after. I will try to do the Promethean Office now.

It was quite special, with this other person in my coach, and the train assistant coming to ask for something. Chanting, especially, modifies the perception of time. It is 8:36 am, I will arrive in forty minutes.

(At the meeting point, 25th August)



Once arrived, I could find a map. I also found the hostel for the way back. Once again I don't feel so good. It's 1:40 pm, and it's fresh in the shadow, I hope that the first night will be all right. The man who drove me here gave me the opportunity to speak with M., someone who takes care of this place.

This one gave me a map and some fruit. Now I am here, in the forest of a foreign country, to meet some strangers and go alone in nature, without human contact for seven days. I have never been cut off from humanity for such long time before. The contact should arrive at 6:00 pm, four hours of waiting.

(Lost in the mountain, 27th August)



The contact arrived in military trousers with backpack, a stick and sun glasses. He asked me the time in Italian, then where I came from. And then a *“follow me”*. He walked fast and brought me to a quite isolated place. He gave me the map and we talked a little. Then, at the sunset he left me and went somewhere else. I ate and did the Promethean Office, then I slept .



I have slept very well, it wasn't cold at all. I did the Promethean Office then I ate. I started my march. I had some problems in using the map, the way wasn't following normal roads. I crossed some fields and forests. An old man seemed unhappy to see me there, I did understand what he was saying. I got lost but then I reached the *Mount T*. I was looking for the *T. River*.

Later I found the *Mount P*. I believed I was on the correct way so headed West to the *Mount M*. and then turned back. I crossed steep hills. It was very hot and the bag was heavy. Finally I found the *T. River*. I tried to cross it and then I headed for the *Mount S*.

Unfortunately I got lost again so I decided to go out of the path and try to find back the *T. Valley*. I followed an unknown river, for hours and hours. I was exhausted. Fell partially in the mud. There was no path any more. I was very anxious. Finally I found a path and then after a certain time, a sign and an area for camping. There were even some men. I felt sick and collapsed on the ground. I took a medicine.

After I have calmed down my mind again, I started thinking. I understood that the river in front of me was *T.*, and then I had a chance of continuing the pilgrimage by following that way. I regained my strength and courage to go back on the path. I think I have reached the *Mount M. G.* and kept walking until what I thought to be the right place for sleeping. I ate, I did the Promethean Office and slept. I was very sick during this night and felt lost. It was so cold...

I woke up very weak and it took me some time to boil the water and take another medicine. I went back. Fever made it difficult to move. I had only 400ml of water left. I was on a path. I found a mountain spring and washed my teeth and collected as much water as possible. I saw also a jeep. I was walking since one hour and a half and still the road I was looking for didn't appear. Fever and scorching sun made me feel sick. I didn't know where I was and the possibility for the pilgrimage to be a failure became real.

I was so depressed that I put all my strength in survival. I didn't give up, I really didn't want to die for laziness! I was sure that the road would bring me somewhere!

(At an inn, 28th August)

Let's begin the story once again more clearly. A little more of one year now, I was looking for something more directly concerning the Order. I have sent some messages to some groups, and I have found *Secuntra*. There was this code, with a sentence saying with defiance that “people seeking hard enough will find us”. I couldn't resist to such temptation. So I broke the code, and discovered a geographical point. I made some more researches to make it more clear and precise and sent the results to *Secuntra*, without knowing if I would receive an answer.

After this, I left for a short trip, just one week, with a backpack and some camping stuff. I crossed my country by hitchhiking, train and other ways. The goal was to find someone that I knew only by pseudonym. With big pleasure this mission was successful. On my way back, while I was on a train which could lead me directly to my town, I saw a lightning in the sky and felt like an invisible call to a dare in it. So I jumped off the train and continued by walking, under the storm. I remembered I chanted *Baphomet*. Some cars took me, but finally, someone stopped without I asked for anything, and this person brought me directly to my town for 150 km. And upon my arrival, I received an answer from *Secuntra*. This was the first serious contact with the Order.

After many months of personal thinking, and numerous events, I decided to leave to Asia to follow an intensive training. Life was hard there, but I had to master suffering and endurance.

When I came back to my country, I felt very disturbed. I was seen as an outcast, with a useless philosophy degree (*or not enough profitable probably*); my training was regarded as a simple touristic trip... They proposed me only disgusting jobs... But in the same time, *Secuntra* sent me a list of tasks. I have already carried out some of them, like the construction of the Star Game, or the mediation on the Dark Pathways, but I did again all the meditations with my partner anyway. Also, stealing hosts was a bit of a hassle to me. I have tried with many churches, even in different areas of the country, but finally I succeeded. It was a great ecstatic moment. I think I can be proud of it, because I performed the action in such a clean way that the church could be blasphemed without anyone able to noticed it (*so no one could have tried to “purify” it*).

Some time passed and I accepted some not so good jobs. I will not describe it this time because I have promised myself not to complain, and keep courage.

Then arrived the time when *Secuntra* proposed me the pilgrimage. At this moment of writing I am not really sure about the outcome of my mission. I don't want to lie to myself because this would be just a waste of time. I have failed this task. There are no mitigating circumstances, nor good reasons. Here, I don't want to justify myself, I just want to give facts.

I had done a very long trip to reach the meeting place. It was long and exhausting. Once on the place, I had to wait (*and this waiting was very heavy and stressful*) for a long time, more than five hours, without any activity. The contact arrived thirty minutes late (*to kindle desire?*). His arrival was, I have to admit it, in perfect accord with the Order's aesthetic. Simply walking without any superficiality, only a “*follow me*”. Once isolated, he gave me the map, some advices, and we talked about some topics. There were still many things I wanted to ask to him. When he left I ate and then slept. I even slept quite well that night. It was the first time I slept beneath the open sky.

Let's give further informations now. I have never done such activities as trekking or walking in nature in this way before. I have also never used such map or compass and my bag was too heavy (*I*

think – more than 20kg, more than half of food and water). I think this lack of technical and practical knowledge was one of the causes of my failure. The second cause was the fact I felt sick during the second night. Fever, physical pains and the fact of being lost in a deserted area of a foreign country really made my life harder. Even though I had a constant internal desire to continue this adventure, the reason told me that staying one more night outside could have killed me of a real death.

Now let's arrive to the description of the trip. When I woke up the second day I ate and then began walking. I hesitated long time before taking the first turn. I had real difficulties to use the map. I went inside the forest. There, a farmer spoke to me. I couldn't understand at all but he didn't seem happy for my presence there, probably because it was his land.

I reached the *Mount T*. I tried to follow the compass and finally arrived in front of a river. Looking the landscape I really believed it was *T. Valley*, but it was in fact the *Mount P*. I followed it and reached the *Mount M*. (*I think, but I'm not sure of this*). I climbed many hills, without using any path. It was very hard and it was very hot. Once on the top, I found the *T. River* that I was looking for. With this long detour, I decided to follow the *T. River* for some times, then cross it to join the *Mount S*. I did a small stop to eat and then I went back on the road. I think that the sweat and the cold wind would get me sick also this time. I walked for long time without finding any indication at all. The compass made me lost. So I decided to follow my intuition to find back the *T. Valley*.

But from there things got harder for me. I didn't find the valley. I followed a river for hours but there was no path at all. Going forward was quite hard. I got lost. All I had in mind was not to give up and to continue following this river that was joined by many other small rivers. Finally I found a sign. That was a big moment of happiness. The sickness began spreading in me. I fell partially in the mud and I felt exhausted. This part of civilization represented by the sign made me feel a little better. Not because there were some men there, but because I could deduce my position and get some landmarks.

After I collapsed out of exhaustion, I took a medicine and took time to calm my mind. I was already thinking of some failure of the pilgrimage and considered myself so ridiculous. However after understanding partially where I was, I figured out there were some paths for going on with the task. The more I regained my strength, the more this idea obsessed me. A little more far away there were some men, but finally I refused to give up. I prepared my bag, took some water, went back on the path and in some times I reached the *Mount M. G*.

At this point, I suppose, I got lost again, I should have missed some turning or some path. I suppose I slept on the *Mount B*. A terrible night, it was so cold. I was feeling really bad. The ground was not flat, so I couldn't relax... Terrible. I have waited for the sun to appear before moving. I had very big pain. I had less than one litre of water and realized with horror that some insects were inside of it. So I made it boiled, than took some medicine. At this point I have only 400ml of water.

I was in a dangerous position. A real death danger, not some kind of Hollywood script, like crumbling of rocks, being hunted by wolfs, or attacked by a bear... Something much more realistic, being lost far away, without water and with fever.

The nights were very cold but the days very hot and this contrast made my life quite hard. By seeing my health, it became clear that another night in similar conditions could have been deadly for me. I followed the path, for three long hours, without finding the road I was looking for, without any

wooden sign. Once again, the idea of success in this pilgrimage faded away. I felt in real danger. Fever, nausea... It was really a hard time.



Finally I found a real road and I walked down it for some times. A herd of goats appeared, surrounded only by strong dogs, without any men. Dogs surrounded me and barked at me. I stood up, took my bag and kept walking. Some dogs followed me for some time. The road was quite steep. It was 1:00 pm. It was very hard to progress, I tried but I couldn't see the end, so I did

hitchhiking. Someone stopped and picked me up but I couldn't understand his speaking. He went up with the car for a quite long time and surely in my physical conditions, it would be impossible to do it. I was feeling really dizzy at a time, while walking, so feeble that I could have fainted on the ground. With my surprise, the driver stopped and dropped me in the middle of the mountain, on a lonely path, and left again...



It seemed that this guy picked me up next to the village of *P.* and dropped me to the village of *P. M.* All I wanted was to join the village of *T.*, I needed to join *T.*! It was like a matter of life and death. I had to fight against fever and numerous injuries on my feet and my back, but I really refused to give up. I was talking gibberish because of fever, struggling between the bitterness of failing and the strive for survival. I think I found the *S. River*. It was likely the *P. River*, but I couldn't really say it for sure. However, I honestly believed it was the *S. River* and this path could have lead me outside of the forest.

The landscape seemed familiar to me anyway. I thought I was quite close to the starting point of the pilgrimage. But this fake hope made me get lost again. And I think I reached past the *Mount G.* But at least I was on a safe road to the village of *T.* Some farmers gave me a lift to a point, 2 km from the village of *T.* After a final walk, I arrived to the starting point of my pilgrimage.

I asked for some help to the *V. G.* They gave me a room and some medicines. So, I am now writing these words the next day, in the room. I am still sick, and walking makes me dizzy. I have no idea what is going to be next now, that is why I will write more later. However, I have experienced

direct esoteric elements. I didn't meditate, or chant. But I felt a deep return to nature, looking for a shelter, being subject to weather, constant desire of water...

I reached my limits for sure. Physical limits, by forgetting the pain at the feet and the heaviness of the bag, forcing myself to continue, always trying to take a break a little later and to make it shorter. And mental limits, by fighting against close death, the fact of being lost so far away from my home, with no communication devices, and no one knowing where I was, and especially the suffering of this failure. I was like a schizophrenic, making fun of myself: “*Who did you think you were? You're just an amateur*”...

I am exhausted, on different levels. I don't want to search for excuses. Here are the facts. I failed. I need time to think about all this.

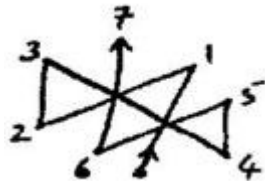
(At the inn, during the night from 28th to 29th August)

Truly, this trip is full of sudden developments... After I wrote the previous part I got some dizziness. I had to go to the bed. I had some delirious thoughts as a fever effect, half sleeping, half watching. I woke up at 4.00 pm. I decided to go to *Secuntra*, seven kilometres away. I felt too much attracted for missing that. Without bag, walking was much easier. A map, 500ml of water, a quartz tetrahedron...



It took me some time to arrive because I was limping. It was probably funny to watch. But the more I got closer, the more I was excited and anxious. Excited of touching such a place for real, anxious because I was going there in strange conditions after these thoughts of failure in my mind. I was still sick, but the fever was slowly vanishing. After a long time I reached the *Mount V*! Finally I could see it! *Secuntra*! Last meters and there I was, on the top!

I put back in position some rocks to form a circle (*did I put them correctly? Who knows!*), then contemplating the sunset I decided to chant all chants completely in order by following the Septenary sigil.



I have to admit I made some mistakes, especially on *Elutrodes*, *Olenos* and *Vindex*. Then I put myself on the line East-West, sitting down, facing West. I meditated some time visualizing the *Secuntra* sigil and saying its name.

I decided then to lay down and not to move until it was completely dark. I didn't want to make the grade ritual this time, I was still sick. Until full night I moved four or five times, always for the same reason: insects on my face, as a reflex. I was shaking because of cold of course, but I found the ground quite comfortable and warm, which is quite special. This was maybe because it was the beginning of the night. In the future, when I will do the grade ritual, I will protect my face to avoid bad reflexes.

When the sky was dark enough, I stood up and undertook the solo Rite of the Nine Angles. Vibrations were longer than I thought. Also, I did a mistake in the *Atazoth* chant. Two things should be said about it. First, and it is probably the result of some kind of optic illusion, I saw the crystal glowing strongly during the end of the vibration, particularly during the *Atazoth* visualization. It seemed that sometimes my face was illuminated by the blue-white light of the crystal. The second thing is that I didn't feel very strong emotions during the second visualization. A feeling that shapes are dissolving in darkness, as forms, movements, time. But nothing which seems to justify the warning in the ritual text. Possibly I missed the point, I am still not sure of it.

But the story doesn't stop here my good friends, oh no. The big adventure was about to start. After the rite I decided to go back. It was completely dark but I was not anxious. I remembered clearly the way to go down from *Secuntra* and get back on the road. Even though this took me a considerable time, I did it without problem, frightening two poor horses on the way, which had the kindness of not to kick me out of surprise.

Once on the road I believed everything was ok... But, it was not like that. Seven kilometres of road without any light, covered by the trees, with ravines as neighbourhoods... I started considering the real possibility of death, but I am like this, when an idea takes my mind I really don't want to give up. And that night, I promised myself that I would have slept in a real bed!

It was really really dangerous, sometimes I couldn't even see my feet... When the view was open, the stars enlightened the road, I was walking on a vivid way. Other times it was darker, I needed to

guess the shape of the road by watching the opening between branches. Other times again, it was really black, and I needed to go step by step, sometimes kneeling down, touching the floor to check if there was still road in front of me. For one moment I imagined I could throw away some rocks and from the sound assume if it was a road or cliff. But there were only dust, and the road was too long.

To a point, I stepped on a small branch. And I think that in fact a stick would be perfect! But I couldn't find a stick, and looking for it next to the road was dangerous, so I took off a branch from a tree and made the leaves slide on the ground during my walking. If the sound changed, it meant I had better turn. It was terrifying but I became animal, pure force, without any moral or superficiality. I was thinking only one thing, going home, and all my being was turned into that direction. I used all my senses, my memory, my intuition. In the beginning I was saying to myself "*I can see*", to reassure myself. But in the end, I was proclaiming it as a fact.

I was thinking also that this would have been a very good test of courage. Even through intense pain in the feet and fear that made me sweat, ***I am alive!*** An idea resonated in me: "*Each step is a victory, each meter, a conquered territory*". I was thinking that darkness dissolves all forms, and without forms the world is dreadful. However, it is not because forms change or disappear that the world ends. When we are seeing blur, we need to use intuition to give shape to a form. Darkness is a way to live without useless forms, to go back to the essence of things.

It is not by avoiding darkness that we conquer something. Whatever, at the first human's lights I felt blinded.

Distinguishing things doesn't mean understanding these things. When I arrived, I could throw away my dear branch, to the precise point of the meeting with the Order's contact. With relieved feeling and courtesy I wanted to thank the branch, the tree, the forest...

Then I thanked myself, by seeing that my determination saved my life once again. But finally I understood that there were nothing to thank, I am a part of the Cosmos, and the Cosmos is as it is because I am a part of it. We are forging the destiny together. When I arrived at the room, it was 12:00 pm, an eight hours journey!

(At the inn, 29th August)

At the end of the morning I went to help the village people quickly. I now realize with horror the state of my feet. Currently I can't walk any more. Blister, on blister, on blister... At the end, the pain is too strong. One of my toes is quite painful to look at...

After I helped M., I understood I shouldn't walk at all for some time. I will stay here, eating and sleeping, without speaking, without any distraction. I would like to spend my two last nights in the *S. Valley*. It will depend on my state tomorrow. If it is still impossible to walk, I will stay only the last night in nature. It is quite strange to stay in this silence. I go to sleep now. I still have to make some quick research.

(Somewhere in the S. Valley, 31st August)

So here I am, the last day. Saturday morning I decided to go back to nature. I ate, paid the room and said farewell. I decided to follow the *S. River* I didn't want to get lost and miss the taxi on Monday. There is no need to go so far away here to be isolated from humans. There were many flies, I needed to put my jacket on my face to go on. For these two last days I didn't feel anxious, the bag was not heavy any more., and I had all the food and water I needed. Moreover, here it's easier to spot a shelter compare to the mountains, where nothing is flat.

I stopped somewhere in a comfortable place, and decided to work on all the twenty-one energies, according to my knowledge of them and my direct perception. I started with the Moon. This made me a little melancholic. Suddenly the idea came to my mind, I should do the grade ritual. A big stress immediately came. After eating something, I began to gather conifer branch for making some kind of warm bed, protecting me from the coldness of the ground, and mosquitoes. However I could hear many thunders in the afternoon. Nature stopped, everything became quiet in front of *Baphomet's* power. All these clouds made my mood very anxious, and I became very pessimist. I stopped meditations and stayed all the afternoon waiting, in doubt.

Meanwhile I also created some present for my partner.



At the sunset clouds disappeared. So I ate, and wore warm clothes, as much as possible, in fact I tried to wear all the stuff I could wear and then began the ritual. This branch bed had a little problem, and a bump was just under my spine, making my back muscles quite tired. With my "suit"

I was quite hot (*I was not even shaking*), so I didn't notice this problem in the beginning. I noticed this problems only some hours after. I absolutely didn't move my head, arms or legs. But I was moving hips and shoulder slightly (*for trying to relax my back muscles*). And in the beginning I didn't want to accept failure, because I went back to nature again despite being sick. However, after sometimes I said to myself that I preferred to fail for real than to get a fake success, especially in this place. So I stopped the ritual there and went to sleep.

Note that I had to protect my head with some tissue, letting only my eyes appear. In the beginning it was comfortable, because the heat of my breathing was making my all face hot. But after some times breathing your own air is really bad for health. When I stood up I had very big headache and I was stabling. Symptoms disappeared the next morning.



I walked again and then stopped next to the river. The landscape seemed good for all the spheres. I had to think, re-read my conclusion on my diary about the energies; I tried to feel them one by one precisely. But after chanting *Agios o Baphomet* to begin the Jupiter's energies, a storm hit the land. I went under a tree, standing up with my bag on my back, a poncho covering me. And then I waited. I was very uncomfortable and anxious. The storm stopped and I was in bad mood, I really wanted to go home... I began to go back to the village of *T.* and thinking "*if the thunder is still here at sunset, I will sleep at the inn*". I really wanted to give up this time. When the weather is good, it isn't so hard to stay alone, especially in nature, but when the weather becomes bad, it is quite hard to keep a good mood. It should be the same for all the living beings.



Finally I found again the place where I had slept my first night. I slept well there. I would have slept there the last time and waited for the taxi the next day. When I will read again my writings, I will probably have some aftertaste of easy solutions.

Being inside nature is quite stressful. I remember the text by Nupus about the pilgrimage, saying that in nature there is not the protection that there is in the city. It was logical for me at that time. But now, I can feel this idea better, even though I went back many times to “civilization”. I would have tried to force myself as much as possible, to go back. It is harder than it seems. I think that this pilgrimage taught me something important.

Magick is probably here. When the two first days I wrote I didn't feel anything, just the will to survive, sensation of real danger, maybe this was the real magick; in this area of terror and amazement; and not inside a heated room, satisfying all our own small desires and especially our own ego. This is not some stupid ecologist or hippy trip for nature lovers.

It is real that to reach real magick, and real life in general, danger, risk and sorrow are needed. To reach this according to each period of time in history, there is no need to follow a tradition, it is more needed to go in the opposite direction of what is evident for the society. And in the West, what is evident is futile distraction, comfort, self-indulgence.

To learn magick under these circumstances, isolation in full nature will be much more effective than any system or any loyalty card. As opposed to *Secuntra's* members, I am not sure I had left something in these lands, or if I did, I didn't notice. But these lands for sure marked me of something a man should never forget.



(Next to the starting point of the Pilgrimage, 1st September)

Finally I used all my paper. I slept very well last night, this should be thanks to altitude, or to the tree that protected me. I did the Promethean Office. I was thinking that it is very hard to fully love nature (*especially in anxious conditions*). I ate, prepared my bag, and finished my energies researches on the spheres. Then I tried to draw an energy. Even if it was hard, I felt like melancholia by leaving this place. Probably some distress is perceived when changes are coming. I am happy I came here. I am also a little sad I couldn't succeed all these tasks.

And I hope this story will not put a full disappointment in *Secuntra's* members' mind. I think I did my best at my level. I really forced myself, when it was needed, to face ordeals. And by this, I think that the παθει μαθος will bring its fruits.

These lands will stay in my mind.
Agios o *Secuntra*.

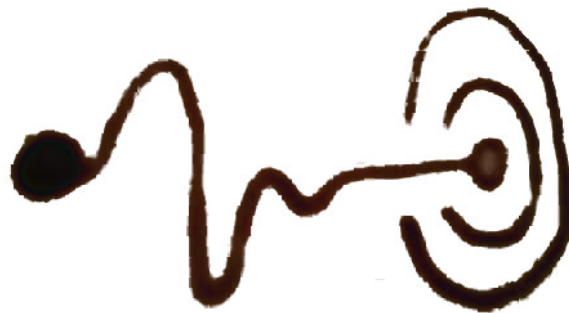


(On the train, 2th September)

Finally I use this last piece of paper. Inside the taxi to go back to the city of *L*. I felt strange. In the same time I was happy to leave this place alive, to go back to familiar universe, but also I was anxious. I went directly to my room, to get some food and then I stayed there. My human relations were this time on an automatic mode. I think I felt something similar to my time back from Asia. After some hard time, a strong desire to go back. This is probably some completely normal psychic mechanism to face a changing time. Here it seems there are many things, entertainments, many elements to see, many movements, sounds, really special smells... However everything is so empty and cold... Finally, what made my time hard in nature was my lack of practical knowledge. From this came stress and tension. Especially during the sickness, or when I was waiting under the storm. But then, on Saturday and Sunday, when there were no aims, I felt good. Especially, the time was another dimension. In effect, I could spend like one hour in contemplation of each sphere. I have been able to stay with an empty head, free from thoughts, just there. Saturday afternoon, for example, I'm sure I didn't thought about anything for more than five hours and did not feel the time was slow.

This world's structure gives the feeling that there are many things to do, many responsibilities, entertainments, taxes, consummation goods... However it is an illusion. Where is responsibility when we have no choice? Who of these so called "serious people" knows the immediate responsibility for their own life?

From my lack of experience it is true that the security of this world seems comfortable. But I felt this security unhealthy. Some feelings already inside me are stronger now. I think even that these feelings will not let my life itself feed them. The experiences that I impose to myself reveal these feelings. I can't accept to take part in this world. At a practical level it is quite terrible, because I can't leave the planet Earth to go on Satanica or Empathia System B46... It is true that a lot of money would make things easier. I am losing inspiration now, so I stop writing. I will try to "forget" the *Secuntra*'s cards everywhere.



(Somewhere in Genova, 3rd September)

After arriving in the city of *N*. I wanted to see the city quickly, but I didn't have enough time, and it was starting to rain, so I just went to eat something. I took this time to put some Secuntra's cards in the train station. The night was long in the train, because I was sitting tight between people. And finally got back to *Genova* at 6:00 am, sixteen hours of waiting. I didn't want to become crazy, so I found a way to get some Internet connection, and found a room for the day. While I was waiting that the hostel opened, I went to put some cards in big cult places. I put the last cards in a philosophy university (*or literature, not sure*). However, I kept one card as a souvenir, this is my evil materialist side.

I took a rest and here I am; back to the same point of the beginning, precisely where I wrote the first words. This was a long trip, and rather hard. But I am back, and alive. And tomorrow I will be back to my country.



Summer's End – A Sinister Duet



Nupus

Once again here, in this land surrounded by forests, mountains and rivers.
Once again to fulfil our Destiny and Aeon's Wyrð.

The air is cool even if the Sun is still warm. We enter the forest after the embrace of a wide valley.
Here it is where the Initiates of the Sinister Tradition begin the hard ordeal of the *Black Pilgrimage*.

The *Diabolus* echoes and creeps like fog in the forest.

We arrive at the *T. Valley*, a memory of our Dark Goddess Baphomet. The Chant *Agios o Baphomet* and everything around begins to dissolve. A shout "Agios o Baphomet", distant echoes.
We leave the valley to get back into the dense forest and then into the hell of ascending a torrent.

The numinous embraces the sinister and vice versa.

The storm approaches nigh, the clouds are full of water and lightning.
The air is cold and the chthonic thunder pervades our souls.

We lie on the grass getting lost for a moment in the sky above while the clouds dance and clash. We continue then to *S. Valley* riches of streams and small gorges, direct to the entrance to the *M. D.*

The bones of a dead animal scattered everywhere and thoroughly dismembered by wolves are a pleasant frame, as the sacrificial areas are not so far away from here.



A mountain top, not the highest, at the entrance to the *M. D.*, where few dare to enter. The *Agios Lucifer* chant echoed, followed then by *Sanctus Satanas*.

A long walk and then finally here, on the top of that mountain, in the stone circle. We arrived at sunset of the Sun on *Secuntra*. Here, according to tradition would take place every seventeen years that rite known as the Ceremony of Recalling, where an opfer, usually a man, would be culled and decapitated in honour of our Dark Goddess Baphomet. Also according to tradition, the opfer's severed head would be crowned with a garland of flowers and shown to new initiates to the next sunedrion.

The top of the mountain is full of dried spikes like arrows falls on the ground, all around except in the stone circle which strangely does not seem to make grow anything except a prickly plant in the centre, right where the quartz crystal in the shape of a tetrahedron was buried many years ago.

The cold of the night and the Rite of Nine Angles takes place. The buried tetrahedron show itself during the vibrations. The nexion above us is open and a tentacular form emerges from it. It embraces us. A multitude of stars in the black sky without Moon.

Lying at the edge of the circle we fall asleep cradled by the wind and got lost in the Cosmos above. Hieros Gamos with a woman with black hair and prosperous breasts who appears in a dream. Communion with the Dark Goddess.

Dawn. A red Sun appears from the frame of trees at the edge of the mountain top. Again in the circle and Nythra is invoked while the *Sanctus Satanas* closes the working.

^^^

Nythra

One morning the first decade of August we left by car for the mountains. It was not the first time I spent a night outside, but this time my anxiety was palpable, and also accompanied by the intimate awareness that what I was about to face would be more than a simple hike, a real journey into myself, an ordeal.

Left the car at the edge of the road we immediately entered into the woods following a path which soon became confused and untrodden, it was covered with mud and dead leaves.

After some time we reached the first of the beautiful landscapes that were waiting for us. The site has soon brought back to me the archetypal images depicted in Beest's *Sinister Tarot*, simple but pervaded with a distressing and almost unreal atmosphere. It was the first stop of our journey: a valley of grass and rocks with a ruin and a small river.



We took our backpacks off and ate some rations. Sitting on a rock, I started feeling the energy of the place. We loudly chanted *Diabolus*. The feeling of being followed and watched on by someone

has never left me even for a second and it has hindered me in chanting and in performing my actions. We continued the way back to enter the woods, this time the path was clearly visible and often gave way to bright glades that attenuated a bit the oppression caused by the tangle of trees.

Reached another stage of the journey, we stopped near a river. Standing on a cliff above the roaring waterfall we deeply vibrated "*Atklal Maka*" with our eyes closed. The imagination was led by the roar of water. I visualized foamy, twisted and grey streams from which arose an aquatic entity.

We resumed our route to arrive to another valley, not less beautiful than the last one. The livestock with its bells was the only source of noise, for the rest there was only an unreal silence. We loudly vibrate "*Agios o Baphomet*" and every word echoed through the slopes. Our vibration must have moved the right energy, because suddenly, almost like a mystical response, the clouds covered the sky and the valley was obscured.

After a short break we resumed the journey and here began one of the hardest parts of the route. The path has disappeared and bright glades gave way to a suffocating tangle of trees, rotting leaves and ground, streams of water and mud. The nature of the land changed, the path became very steep and the only chance to reach the top of the slope was to climb the riverbed. I did not think it would be so unnerving to walk in these conditions: the feet sank now in the mud and now in the freezing water, my shoulders were giving up under the weight of the backpack that was unbalancing me, risking to make me fall backwards. My trusty stick was the only lifeline, and it avoided me to fall over. The rotting leaves were slippery and the air was wet and heavy. The walk seemed endless and it was hard to tell what time it was, since the foliage of the trees covered the sky and the Sun.



We reached a crossroads and it began the impervious ascent. My body was taken by a kind of frenzy and the pain and fatigue have become new energy; hastily I arrived on the top finally

reaching the rays of the Sun. The view of the sky has filled me with joy and a little further on the fact that there was an inhabited house it reassured me that we were going in the right direction.

The first part of the journey was over and we could now move towards the second stop.

At this point of the day we totally lost track of time, but we undertook the new path knowing that we should arrive at the final destination before sunset.

We followed a stream along a quite flat route, much simpler than what we have recently experienced. The new obstacle, however, was the shoulders pain, almost unbearable, that the backpack was causing me. While walking, I saw in the grass a strange polished and white wood, which on closer inspection it turned out to be a bone. We saw it as a good omen and noted with interest that, scattered all over the field, there were other bones and portions of what was probably the dismembered body of a cow. Everything was there: the skull, teeth, vertebrae and ribs; we rebuilt part of the body assembling some bones randomly.

We arrived to the next stop, after which we should return back to go to the final part of the route. Also this area, a grassy hill, with two beautiful trees, a clear pool of water and rocks scattered here and there, looked like the traditional *locus amoenus*. We rest a bit in the shade of the tree eating another food ration, although to my surprise I was not hungry, despite the distance travelled. Once we finished the meal we got up and chanted “*Agios Lucifer*” listening as the surrounding valley returns our voices. Then turning in circle, we chanted euphorically “*Sanctus Satanas*”.

At this point we were ready for the final part of the journey.

We quickly turned back, it was late afternoon and the way to go was still long. For the rush we lost the orientation and walked a different path than the previous. The grass was higher and the slopes steeper, and even the wood along the valley was no longer familiar. I begun to lose patience, I was discouraged by the idea that we might come out somewhere else than our prediction. We also had severe pain throughout the body and are very tired. An irrational euphoria allowed me not to think about the pain and I strove to go up to a steep climb hoping to reach as soon as possible the mountain top. Luckily we found out that the path was correct so we were able to keep going.

This time we had to walk along the paved road, the only road in that area that allowed mountain villages to stay connected. The walk, however, proved to be harder than expected. The legs were stiff and seemed that they were about to break at any moment, not to mention the feet, which were full of wounds. The back and shoulders were deeply marked by the backpack and the pain was unbearable. The road seemed endless, as long as you took to follow it; I almost lost hope of seeing the place of arrival. It seemed that we walked for hours, almost days.

Finally, when the frenzy had pushed me once again to run breathlessly after the end of a never-ending turn, I saw our goal. There were also horses which graze, majestic and peaceful. The fixed point was located on top of a relief, completely exposed to the sky, full of rocks and some long-stemmed plants resembling sheafs of wheat, which I have never seen before.

Finally we freed ourselves from the backpacks and we prepared our sleeping bags on the ground. We built up the circle of seven stones in which it would be the concluding rite of the day. The Sun was setting, we were just in time. The forest looked so overwhelming and soon was no longer possible to distinguish the trees between them, everything became a shapeless black spot from which occasionally came some noise and the glow of a dim light.

We performed the Rite of Nine Angles. Our vibration was very powerful and it seemed that it was covered by a third voice. Below us we felt the ground trembling: this area was sacred to *Secuntra*, an open Nexion, a powerful energy receptacle.

I felt good, satisfied, I finished my long way in the right time. I was exhausted but proud of myself and felt that even Nature is participating of my victory: the sky was indeed studded with brilliant and clear stars and the hill was floodlit.

Unfortunately it was impossible to fall asleep. It was not cold, neither it was pitch dark, but once again the feeling of being observed annoyed me, in fact I felt that something not human was watching me from the surrounding forest. I felt the presence of *Baphomet* that permeated the glade and I tried to fall asleep visualizing her like the archetypal form of *Kali Ma*, a goddess that I love very much, and mentally I intone a song which invokes her name. The rest of the night I divided myself between half-sleep and hallucinations, so that in a state of semi-dissociation I was certain that actually there was with me an entity.

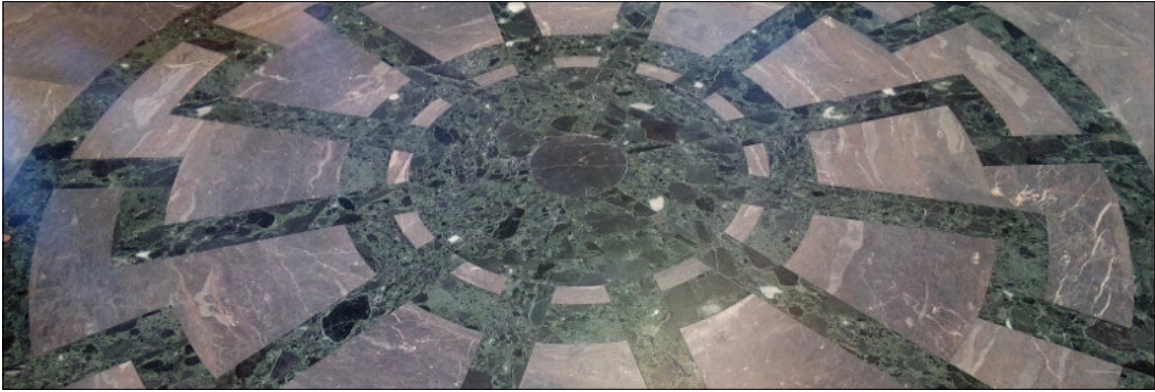
At dawn, when the sky turned rosy, I felt relieved because finally we could get back on the path. We greeted the rising Sun, a small red fireball on the horizon. We concluded the Rite of Nine Angles.

I walked the way back with a different awareness. The same awareness that you have when you get involved with difficult and exhausting ordeals and then you come back to your normal life, with people around you that carry their life on completely unaware, people who will never have the courage to emerge from the fog of mediocrity and who live without never had seen the spectacle of Nature in action.

At night, two dreams revealed me that my unconscious has undergone a significant change that will have effects on my everyday life.

Nupus et Nythra
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
August 126 yf

Wyrd – An Aeonic Destiny



It was quite easy to leave Italy undercover, using one of the many identities created for this purpose. A new terrestrial season had opened its door and the air of this part of Europe was cool and pleasant.

Several months ago we received this invitation – attending as special guests to a secret Sunedrion held between various European Nexions of the ONA/O9A – several days in which it was possible making alliances, discussing common strategies, toughening the body and mind and above all living with own kind, de visu, that common *Logos*, the Code of Kindred Honour that has always distinguished us and that continues to distinguish us from the mundane rabble.

A forest not far from what was once the centre where the Aeonic energies of the Faustian civilization condensed nearly a century ago, to try to give life to the Imperium.



Physical Conditioning and Perception of the Attack, these were the two combat trainings that we prepared and showed for the occasion. The forest, the mountain hut were a pleasant setting for the

many trainings that every Nexion had brought and which occupied us, physically and mentally, for days.

Every night, when the darkness grew dense and embraced the hut, the Sunedrion began: tactics, strategies, traditions, by a part of Europe for which the Imperium is still something to be achieved.

To common factor was the pathei-mathos of each associate, and as someone speaking said, “behold, this is the *living tradition* we speak of”.

Although there are many fields to plough, some seeds were planted. New possibilities, new destinies sons of the Wyrð – to feed themselves with that homogeneous metallic water that dissolves and creates everything.

Agios Europe

Eques Sinemus
Secuntra Nexion, ONA
127 yf

Κοσμιον – Echoes of A Secret Tradition

Introduction

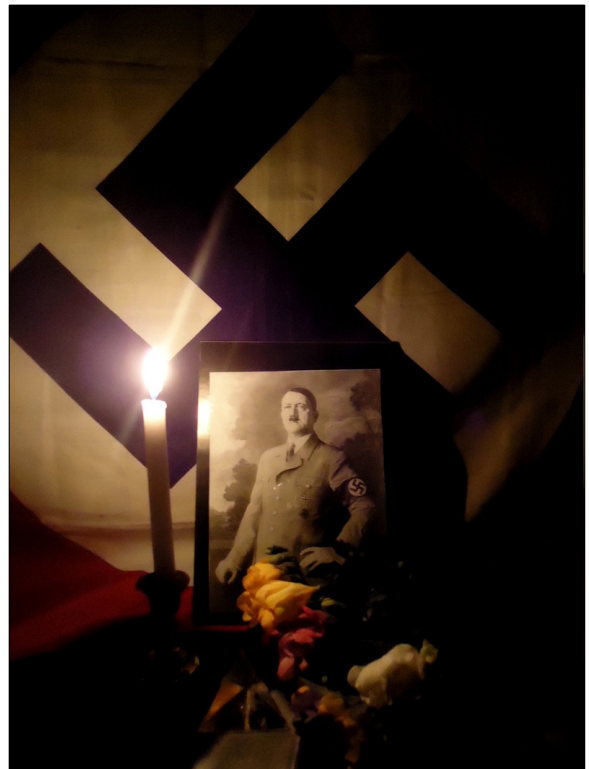
Just as every year, Nexions of the Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition, or at least some of them, are preparing to operate of Aeonic Magick through a special celebration lasting eleven days, at a specific time of year. This is the most important period for the Western or Faustian civilization where those energies called Aeonic, that affect individuals on a large scale, are stronger and accessible. The exoteric form used during the working, which has and allows the flow of those acausal energies, is the political form of National Socialism. In fact, this form is a still open nexion, useful for the grounding of acausal energy.

The use of this form and of those energies associated therein aims to re-presents the Faustian ethos and the warrior archetype, with the involvement of each participant with the positive values of National Socialism, and by channelling grounded acausal energy in a new form (*via the Aeonic Magick*): the evolution of the previous political form and a totally new religious form created for this purpose, known as Aryan (*or Aryanist*) religion.

The working works on two levels: the *individual* and the *Aeonic*.

Individual – the participation in the working affectively influences who takes part in it and tends to change their physis, as such it is a rite of Internal Magick. The Faustian ethos re-presented, the sympathia with the feeling of sacrifice of fighters like Waffen SS, the pietas, the warrior virtue, living the community/tribe/clan following a new law, a new logos (*aka The Code of Kindred Honour*) – the union of all these things can produce a profound change within the individual.

Aeonic – it follows in part as a result of the individual effects, since the participants changed in their physis may become the genesis of change within the society. Another aspect of change is through the channelling of acausal energies drawn from National Socialist nexion, within the religious form created to re-present the Faustian values.



The highly subversive nature of this celebration, its direct contrast to the Nazarene/Magian distortion (*to understand the details of this distortion see the essay by Mr. David Myatt, Vindex – The Destiny of the West*) make it one of the greatest heresies of our century. Κοσμιον a nexion to the Kosmos.

An Heretic Tale

Just as every year, and as our Destiny and the Aeon's Wyrd command, it is time to live that secret tradition known as Κοσμιον – an intense celebration that lasts eleven days. A period full of energy and potential in which every individual who is preparing for the celebration must be well aware of what is taking. The years of Adolf Hitler regime have marked an unprecedented era in the history of the twentieth century: an era when the prospect of achievement of an Imperium and the opening of a physical nexion were real and tangible.

The opening, on 20 April, day of birth of the Führer; the closing, on 30 April the day of his death in the Berlin bunker in 1945. The goal is to bring back to life for a brief but intense period, the archetype of the glorious Aryan warrior and that antinomian and powerful energy that for fifteen years has made Germany the most feared and powerful nation in the world.

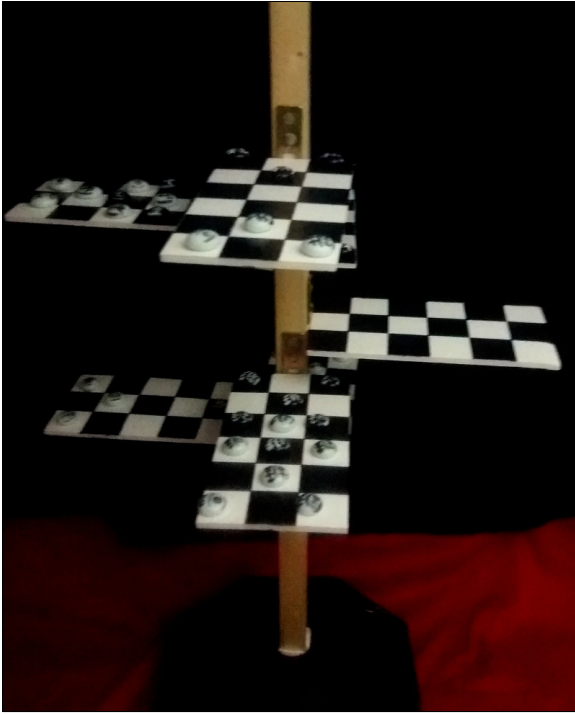
No robe, no Occult paraphernalia, a simple paramilitary uniform equal for all participants: jacket, pants and boots, all black; on heart the silver symbols of the Cosmic Wheel and Secuntra Nexion, these glow in the dark of the night. All participants must be focused on the intent and they have to assume, for the eleven days to come, an attitude suited to the celebrated event. Strength, honour, contempt for danger, racial pride and identity, superiority over the dirty mundane rabble and especially anger and disgust against the enemy, the Magian – the international Judaism – should be prerequisites to revive the genuine Western warrior archetype.

It is the late afternoon on 20th April and we are in the place chosen for holding the Κοσμιον opening ceremony. An altar specially arranged with a black cloth bearing the silver symbol of the Cosmic Wheel, a flag with the immortal symbol of the svastika, a portrait of Hitler with an offer of fresh flowers, black candles. When darkness falls the ritual begins and oak fumes pervade the air.

Standing in a semicircle, we comrades light a pyre and intone in unison the *Agios Vindex* chant focusing our energies and our intent on the Cosmic Wheel. Thus the *Mass of Heresy* began and a military musick in the background marks with a growing impetus the various stages of the celebration. In the middle of the ritual, some quotations from *Mein Kampf* previously selected, are read by each of us. A shouted "Heil Hitler" cut often through the air with intensity and echoes in the surrounding nature. The touching remembrance of the fallen comrades, with a hand on heart and the arm extended towards the night with an extreme gesture of remembrance. Once again *Agios Vindex*. Our sense of belonging is strengthened by drinking from the same chalice the consecrated wine. And then the conclusion of the rite and the return to the mundane reality, with the warrior spirit that burns in mind and body.

In the days that separate us from the conclusion of Κοσμιον we celebrate the sunrise and sunset of the Sun with the *Agios Vindex* chant charging the Cosmic Wheel with energy, and we evoke a dark pathway every night, a force/energy/God for nine evenings, forming a special sigil, in a growing acausal vortex that will have as its climax the celebration on 30th April. Shaitan, Noctulius, ... Vindex!

Every day, for nine days, all members of the Nexion, with a synchronous working, move the pieces of their Star Game with the aim of favouring the forces of the Imperium.



30th April – the final day of the Aeonic cycle that, in these eleven days drained our energy again, worn us out and tonight will allow us to reborn.

A black fast and abstinence of 24 hours from any communication both verbal and virtual, has made us extremely receptive and sensitive to stimuli, both external and internal. We feel detached from the world, the chaos of the city and the voices of our acquaintances seem only distant echoes, in our head there are quiet and awareness.

The appointment is at 3 am. We walk for twenty minutes a rugged mountain path with only the light of the Moon to guide us. A waning Moon unusually large and blood red. The chosen area is an open hill that dominates the entire valley. A simple altar is set up, and at 4 am, the time of self-immolation of the Führer, the rite begins. Physis, the forms of our

Martial Art in the silence of the night. The pyre burns, the chants of *Atazoth* and *Vindex* as a sound frame of our feat, while a silver Cosmic Wheel on a black background, the only symbol, shakes in the wind.

The celebration is simple, devoid of unnecessary abstractions – the stars, the Moon, the land and the surrounding nature provide everything is need. A strong smell of oak, ash and henbane pervades the valley.

We loudly declaim the material and spiritual testament of the Führer, to bring to mind the great trace left by a man who now lives immortal among the stars. “To die rather than submit!”. Our offers, sign of a personal sacrifice, and the symbol of the sworn enemy, burn in the fire. A musick, a flute and drum hierogamy, makes the air and the souls vibrate.

A sudden heat permeates the quartz tetrahedron while the acausal energy makes its way forcefully from nexion opened in Kosmos. Agios Vindex! The destruction of this society, the Imperium, the New Aeon, is a step closer! At the end of the celebration is the time for each of us comrades, united by the indissoluble bond of our mystical belonging, to separate us for some moments to meditate each one for their own on what just experienced, on our spiritual and mundane life, on ourselves and on the long journey that still lies ahead. We scatter through the place, but everyone looking up at the stars and the night sky, which gradually gives way to the light of dawn. Once again the uplifted arm cleaves the surrounding air, but this time with the shout “Agios Vindex!”.

A new day, a new era, a catharsis.
This is our work.

Eques S., Nythra, Nupus, Azanya et alii
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

